Blue Quill

MAY, 1953

THE BLUE QUILL

MAY 1953

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QUEENS COLLEGE
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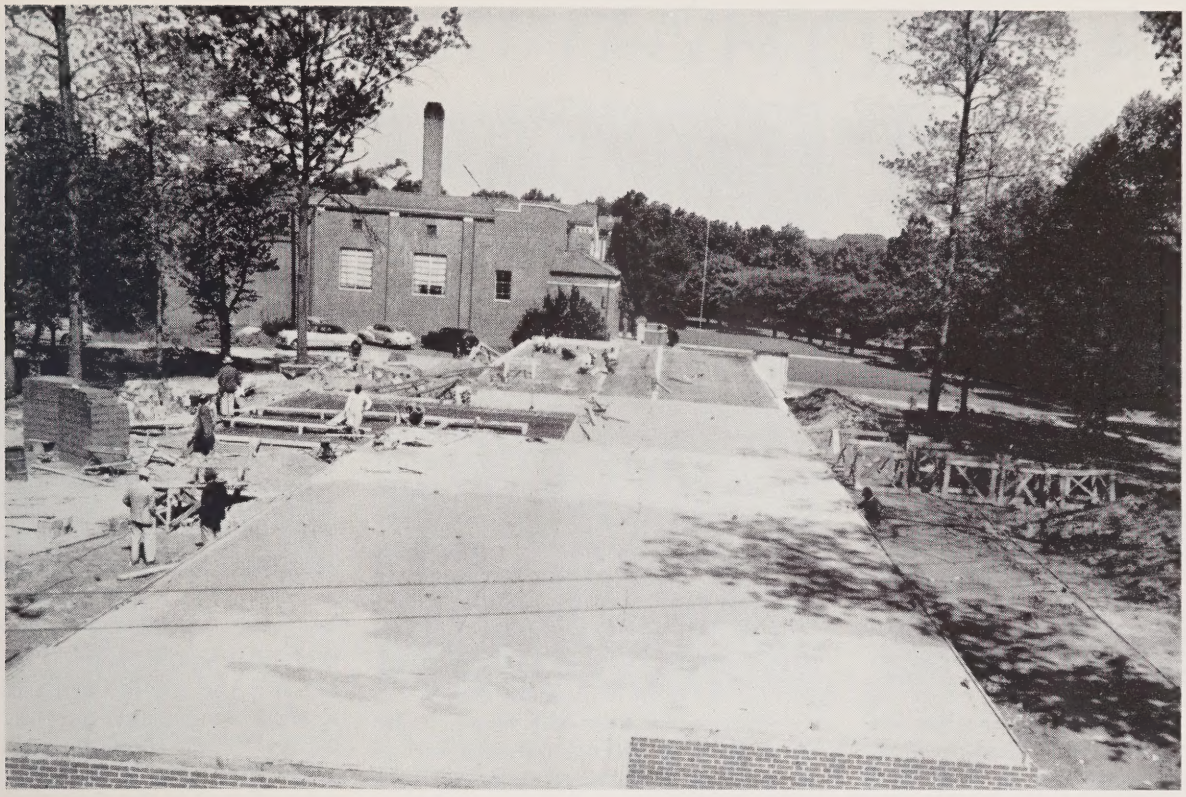


The Mary Irwin Belk Residence Hall To Be Ready By September

At the regular meeting of the board of trustees of Queens College on May 13, Dr. Jernigan announced that a gift of $120,000, to be applied toward the cost of a new residence hall now under construction, had been given in honor of Mrs. W. H. Belk by her children: Irwin Belk; Henderson Belk; John Belk; Thomas Belk; and Mrs. Charles G. Gamrell of New York, the former Sarah Belk. The building will be named the Mary Irwin Belk Residence Hall.

Mrs. Belk, who is an alumna of Queens and a former president of the alumnae association, has been actively interested in the college for many years. Within recent years Belk Chapel was given to the college by the family and associates of her husband, the late Mr. Belk, and his brother, the late Dr. John M. Belk, in their honor.

The dormitory is being constructed on the Radcliffe Avenue side of the campus. It faces an inner court and is one of three buildings which will eventually form a quadrangle. It is a two-story structure of red brick which will conform to the general architectural plan of the campus. The main entrance will lead into a large recessed lounge which will be furnished in modern style with upholstered furniture and occasional pieces arranged in conversational groups. The wall-finish in the lounge will differ from the walls in the bedroom.

The building contains 45 bedrooms, a few of which are single. Accommodations for a counselor will be provided, and bath units will be situated on each hall. There will be rooms and drying and ironing clothes; there will be space in the basement for the storage of trunks and for the plant engineer's office.

The bedrooms will be painted modern muted colors, and the furnishings will be of modern design of birchwood. In each room there will be a double dresser with large mirror, two Hollywood beds, a double desk with book shelves, and other smaller pieces of furniture. The large closets will be all-steel with sliding doors.

Also at the board meeting Dr. Jernigan announced that the college anticipates substantial increase in enrollment for next year.

The need for increased library and fine arts facilities was pointed out. There is a need also for new pianos and for adequate classrooms for instruction in art, speech, and dramatics.

This meeting was the first at which H. H. Everett, new chairman of the board, presided. The board elected J. W. Thomson assistant to the president. Mr. Thomson was formerly treasurer and finance officer. Carl C. Storey, business manager, was also appointed acting treasurer. The employment of a full time alumnae secretary was discussed. Dr. Jernigan also expressed a wish that faculty salaries could be increased.

In view of the needs of the college and of its continually expanding program, two new members are to be appointed to the executive committee. These appointments will increase the number on the committee from seven to nine. Committees are to be appointed by the chairman of the board in co-operation with the executive committee to help improve the physical plant of the college. Board members made a tour of the campus so that they might be aware of its needs. They also inspected the construction of the Mary Irwin Belk Residence Hall and the David Ovens Physical Education Building, which is also now being built.

DR. ABERNETHY—

Student Centered Professor

Personalities of various types have been, at one time or another, a part of Queens College during its ninety-seven years of existence. Most of them have come and gone and, just like the fleeting years, have drifted into the Land of the Forgotten. Queens, however, still retains one of its best-beloved personalities—Miss Ethel Abernethy, who is characterized by all that is gentle and gracious.

Dr. "Ab," as she is familiarly called, is known as the impressive head of the academic processions into Belk Chapel and the inspiring instructor of her classes. Above all, Dr. Ab is known for her smiling face and friendly greeting.

Dr. Abernethy's title, Professor of Psychology, is well-suited, for her students think of her as the ideal psychologist. She is very sensitive to a student's needs and problems, and she has full insight into those problems. One of her most admirable qualities is that she does not pry; the students take the initiative in presenting their problems to her. Being very sympathetic, she always has a willing ear for her students, and her answers are the result of much thought and concern.

As her students testify, lectures by Dr. Abernethy are something to be enjoyed. The fact that they are always well prepared is shown in that she refers to numerous books and articles day by day and does not use notes. She speaks with authority; so one can be assured that anything that she says is correct.

Dr. Abernethy's years of study and experience offer proof of her capability in filling her position. Trinity College, now Duke University, was the scene of her college graduation in the year 1913. The year following this was spent in teaching English at Greensboro College. Nine years later she received her Master's degree from the University of Chicago.

In relating how Dr. Abernethy came into Queens' life, a recent interview written by Miss Anne Batten, a Queens alumna, says: "Just before Christmas in 1917, Dr. Abernethy, home for the holidays from Baltimore, where she was Johns Hopkins scholar, accepted the position of teacher of German at Queens to fill an unexpired term. Beginning with that call to fill a gap, she has been meeting emergencies at the college ever since. Subjects taught by her have included English literature, European history, logic, and ethics. Three times she has carried the office of the Dean of the College in addition to a more than normal teaching load.

"In 1918 Dr. Abernethy began her teaching of psychology. Since then she has organized the departments of psychology and education. She was the first in this section to investigate the practicability of the use of psychological tests. For many years she donated her services in this field to the Mental Hygiene Clinic, of which she was a director, and to other welfare groups.

"Dr. Abernethy's association with Queens has been continuous except for two years in the early thirties when she accepted from the University of Chicago an invitation to serve as staff psychologist in the University Laboratory School for the completion of a twelve-year study of the physical and mental growth of children. She was also invited to participate in writing a series of monographs on the data from this study."

After her two monographs, "Relationships Between Mental and Physical Growth," were published by the National Society for the Study of Child Development, Dr. Abernethy was elected to the status of fellow in the American Psychological Association. This position automatically placed her name in *American Men of Science*. She was also elected to alumna membership in the Duke University chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Attention should also be called to her memberships in other learned and professional societies; she is a member of the Society for the Study of Education; the Southern Society for the Study of Philosophy and Psychology; The North Carolina Academy of Science; the North Carolina Psychological Association; and the North Carolina Mental Hygiene Association. In addition to her monographs she has had a number of articles published in *The Journal of Experimental Psychology, The Journal of Psychology, The Journal of Educational Psychology,* and *Mental Hygiene News.*

These and her other numerous accomplishments have remained unknown to many of her friends and students, since Dr. Ab possesses the unusual fac-

Dr. Abernethy

ulty of keeping her personal life t herself. And she has never been know to show excitement. She is also able t conceal other emotions such as ange or anxiety, making certain that they ar not reflected in her class lectures, whic she delivers while standing on one foo She is invariably calm and never dis tracted—a true personification of emo tional maturity. The one exception t this was the time she was asked by student, "When did you kiss that bo under a streetlight?"—Dr. Ab blushed fiery red and the needle of the psycho galvanometer to which she was attache jumped 30 degrees!

Dr. Ab enjoys entertaining her psy chology students at chapel-period coffee and teas. She also delights in havin chats with her students in her lab. Oc casionally she invites students out t her home, where they meet her charm ing mother. Dr. Ab likes to be enter tained, also. She is seen frequently i Dr. McEwen's lab eating the chemistr professor's cookies.

Her long years of service to Queen College have not passed without recog nition, for at the end of her thirtieth year here she was presented a scroll b the faculty. At the end of her thirty-fift year, which, incidentally, was 1952, group of her former students gave banquet in her honor.

Mrs. Hans Newelt, German instruc tor at Queens, has said of the soft spoke Dr. Abernethy: "The German poet Goethe, must have had some sort o foreknowledge of her when he wrote 'There is a certain courtesy of hear which is related to love. It originates th most easy politeness of behavior'."

—M. B.

GAVIN AND RUTLEDGE TO SPEAK

On May 30, the day of Homecoming ınd Class Night, Queens campus is to ɔe honored by the presence of two out-ıtanding literary figures: one, Dr. Cath-ɛrine Gavin, in the field of journalism, ınd the other, Mr. Archibald Rutledge, ın the field of literature.

The Homecoming program will begin ıt 10:30 in the morning in the Stultz Building with a reunion of the class of 928 of Chicora College. Lunch for all ılumnae will be held in the dining hall. Dr. Gavin will speak at this time. After ınch, class reunions and the alumnae Baby Show will be held. The Baby Show is sponsored by the Charlotte ılumna chapter. Mrs. Wyss Barker is ɔresident of the Queens alumnae.

The speaker chosen by the returning lasses is one of the most distinguished ɣomen correspondents in the English-ɔeaking world. After the outbreak of World War II, Dr. Gavin, who been ɔntributing as a free lance to the daily ɛss for some years, became a regular ɔmmentator on foreign politics in the ılasgow papers of the Kemsley News-ıpers group.

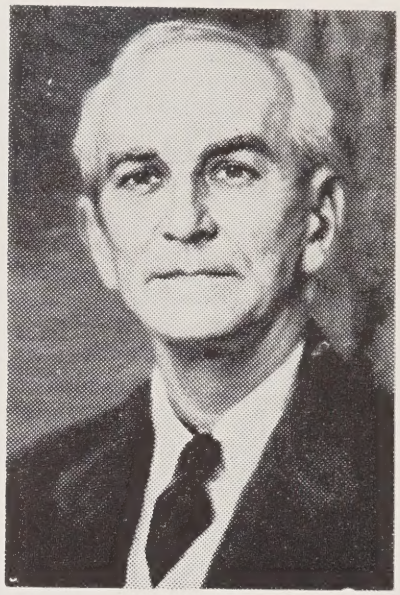
In 1943 Dr. Gavin was invited to join ıe London staff of these newspapers ıd became the only woman editorial ɛiter in Fleet Street. In 1944 she be-ıme one of their war correspondents, ıas sent to France soon after the libera-ɔn of Paris, and proceeded to the Dutch ɔnt on combat assignments. Since these ɛre successful, she was appointed ıris bureau chief of Kemsley News-ıpers, a post she held until the follow-ıg summer, when she joined the foreign ıff of the *Daily Express* of London ıd left for Cairo.

Her Middle East assignment included ıporting from Egypt, Palestine, Iran, ıd Ethiopia, where she interviewed ɛarly all the heads of state and of ɣvernment.

In 1946 Dr. Gavin returned to Paris ı Parliamentary correspondent for the *ıily Express,* and with one absence ır residence in Paris continued until ɛ left for the United States with her ısband in the fall of 1950. During tis period in Paris, she not only fol-ɩwed the regular proceedings of the ɩench National Assembly, but also ɛrried out reporting assignments in a ımber of other countries, including ɩlgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzer-ɩd, Italy, and Germany.

In 1947 Dr. Gavin had a round-the-ɣerican-continent assignment which ɩgan in New York and took her south,

Dr. Gavin



Mr. Rutledge

west, and north to Seattle, where she wrote under the general title of "How America Lives." Crossing the Canadian border, she traveled from Vancouver to Quebec and back to New York.

In December of 1950, some weeks after arriving in New York following her resident in Paris, Dr. Gavin joined the staff of *Time* magazine, and was employed first in the Foreign News Editorial section, and thereafter as a special writer for the new Personality section.

Dr. Gavin was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. She received her education at the Albyn School and the University of Aberdeen, graduating with a Master of Arts with First Class Honors in history and English literature and being awarded the Forbes gold medal, the University Prize in history, and the Carnegie scholarship in history, studied at the Sorbonne and won a Doctor of Philosophy degree.

For six years Dr. Gavin was on the teaching staffs of the University of Aberdeen and the University of Glasgow. This period ended in 1943 and was concurrent with her increasing work in journalism and lecturing.

Dr. Gavin's special interests as a writer (she has had seven works published and is now working on an historical novel for publication in America and Britain in 1953), speaker, and University teacher have always been in the field of foreign affairs. French politics is her special study; she is, of course, intensely interested in the post-war developments in Britain and the resurgence of Germany. She has had special opportunities for observing, at first hand, the establishment of SHAPE and the working of NATO and ECA.

Mr. Archibald Rutledge is to be the speaker at Senior Class Night, which will be held in Ninniss auditorium at 7:30 P.M. Mr. Rutledge was born in McClellanville, South Carolina, in 1883, and was educated in Charleston at Porter Military Academy and at Union College. For many years he was head of the English Department at Mercersburg Academy. Several years ago he retired from academic life to devote his time to writing; he now lives near McClellanville, on Hampton Plantation.

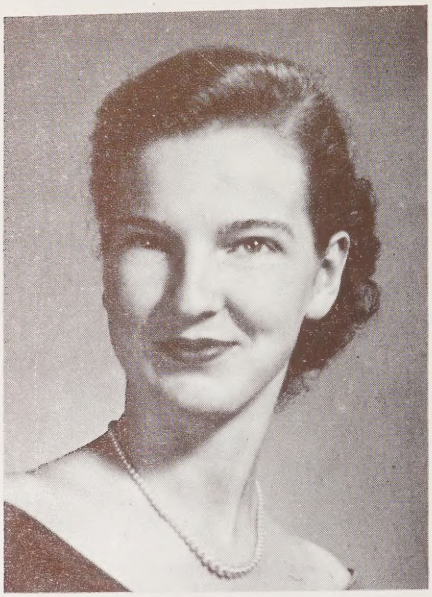
In 1930 he received the John Burroughs medal for the best nature writing in America, and he has distinguished himself in the fields of both poetry and prose with over fifty volumes of poetry, fiction, and nature study. He has also contributed many articles, stories, and poems to magazines. He is Poet Laureate of South Carolina and was recently elected president of the Southeastern Writers' Association.

Of Mr. Rutledge's fifty-three books only thirteen are still in print. Of these thirteen, probably the best known are: *My Colonel and His Lady, Home by the River,* and *God's Children.*

Mr. Rutledge is well known throughout the South as a poet and lecturer. Some of the notices which have appeared in North Carolina papers about

(Continued on page 13)

TRIBUTE TO AN EDITOR



The staff of the *Blue Quill* wishes to recognize the faithful leadership and the distinguished literary contributions of Frances Macpherson, editor of the *Quill* twice in succession. Fran is one of the most outstanding students on campus, being a leader in Student Government and an excellent student. She is chief marshal for the senior class, president of Alpha Kappa Gamma, and a member of Sigma Mu; and she is listed in *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges*. Fran also served as chairman of the Constitution Revision Committee and on Boarding Student Council during her freshman year. Also active in the College Choir, Fran has been and is one of the key personages in our college community.

A senior, Fran is a member of the 1953 graduating class. Her activities in the academic world will not end here, however. She is a recipient of a $1200 scholarship from Duke University which will enable her to continue her studies in English on the graduate level. She is a candidate for honors and for an A.B. degree.

Miss Macpherson has also received, in addition to the Duke scholarship, a grant from the William Danforth foundation. This grant, which she has accepted, will make it possible for her to study at the university of her choice. She has decided to enter Columbia University in New York, where she will do her graduate studies in literature. She plans to work first for her master's degree and later for her doctorate.

It is for her constancy in working for Queens, for maintaining and achieving highest academic standing, and for raising the quality of our magazine that the staff of the *Blue Quill* wishes to congratulate, commend, and thank her.

—C. S.

MISS HARRELL TO ATTEND CORONATION

"I don't love Lucy. I love London!" declares Miss Rena Harrell emphatically. This summer Miss Harrell will have a real opportunity to indulge this love, for on May 28 the Queens librarian embarks for London and the coronation of Queen Elizabeth. After traveling to New York by Pullman, she will weigh in at the air terminal, and at two-thirty Friday afternoon the TWA Constellation will begin its flight to England. She will land at Croydon Field, going from there to Victoria Station. Mrs. Anna R. Mereine, a cousin of Mrs. Kossove, secretary in the Registrar's office, has planned to meet her somewhere along the line.

Monday will be a busy day for Miss Harrell. First of all, she will attempt to find her seat for the Coronation ceremony. Then she will visit Studd and Millington, a famous London tailoring firm. If it is possible for them to export, she will have a coat made. She is carrying along a blue button to match the material by and a pattern of her own, for "English fashions don't fit American figures."

June 2 is the big day and one which will begin early for Miss Harrell since she wants to take in all the festivities. The whole time, of course, Miss Harrell will be taking voluminous notes, and she plans to visit Westminster Abbey "as soon as is decent." On her visit she will take opera glasses; she doesn't want to miss a thing. In connection with all the note taking, she has already advised our London book agent to save the Coronation issue of the *British Vogue* and the *London Illustrated News*.

From London Miss Harrell will go to Broadway to spend several nights in the charming old luxurious inn, the L gon Arms. Then on June 10 Miss Ha rell will meet Miss Joy Maiden, h English friend who lives in Somerse The two met aboard ship a good man years ago when Miss Harrell was o her way back to the United States. The expect to see at least one of the thre shows on Miss Harrell's agenda: "Th Living Room," "Glorious Days," an "The Young Elizabeth." In addition all these other plans, Miss Harrell looking forward to doing some shoppin for linen and silver, but most of all sh is looking forward to having strawberri and Devonshire cream at Liberty's. Suc will be the trip of the Queens librarian and when she reports to the stude body next September, she will probab remember more about the Coronatio than Queen Elizabeth. There will be r representative quite like the Queen "ambassador in orthopedic shoes."

—C. M.

Reynolds
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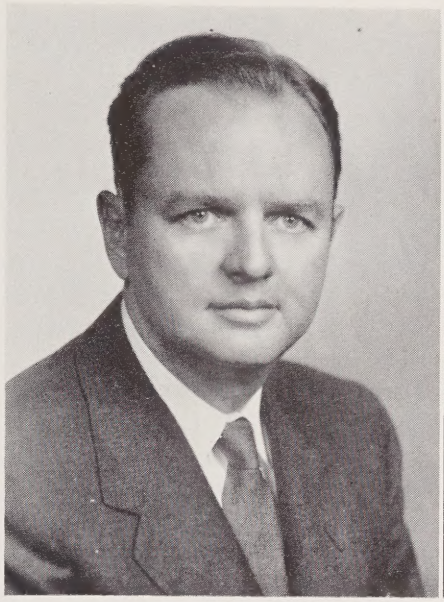
Kraemer And Campbell To Be At Graduation

Culminating graduation activities of the class of 1953 will be two events which, together, mark a highlight in the lives of 53 seniors. Speaking for these programs, the baccalaureate and graduation exercises, will be two eminent Southern figures, one important as a churchman and the other noted for his work in the field of education.

The baccalaureate sermon will be delivered Sunday, May 31, at 11:00 o'clock in Belk Chapel by Dr. Charles E. S. Kraemer, pastor of First Presbyterian Church in Charlotte. Dr. Kraemer, a familiar figure to many students at Queens, is a native of Bonham, Texas, and a graduate of Davidson College and Louisville Presbyterian Seminary. He received his Master's degree at Andover-Newton Theological Seminary after a year of study provided by an Earhart Foundation fellowship, and he has been awarded the D.D. degree by Davidson College.



Dr. Kraemer

Dr. Campbell

Prior to his coming to Charlotte in 1945, Dr. Kraemer held pastorates in Kentucky, Missouri, and Mississippi. An active worker in the field of Christian education, he has been outstanding as speaker for Religious Emphasis Week at various colleges and universities, including the University of Mississippi, Mississippi State, Florida State University, and Louisiana State University.

Speaker for graduation exercises on June 1 at 10:30 o'clock will be Dr. Doak S. Campbell, President of Florida State University and one of the nation's outstanding educators. During his twelve years' administration at F. S. U. the enrollment of that institution has grown from 1,800 to approximately 5,000; and the four original major academic divisions have increased to fifteen, including a graduate school.

A graduate of Ouachita College in Arkansas, Dr. Campbell has had extensive experience in the field of education. Before going to Tallahassee, he was associated with Central College, Conway, Arkansas, and George Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee. He has also received national recognition for his work with junior colleges and their curricula, served as president of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, and in 1937 was chosen consultant to President Roosevelt's Advisory Committee on Education. In addition to his work with colleges and universities, Dr. Campbell has been active as a lay leader in the Southern Baptist Church and is noted for his interest in and work with young people.

With the receiving of the diploma, the Senior Class of 1953 will be graduated. Those graduating with an A.B. degree will be: Marion Joyce Anderson, Charlotte; Nancy Meriwether Armistead, Montreat; Katie Jean Aycock, Moultrie, Ga.; Nancy Alice Barron, Charlotte; Anne McQueen Clark, Elizabethtown, N. C.; Helen Stephens Cunningham, Gastonia; Georgia Louise Earnhart, Pineville; Patricia Skelton Eversman, Spartanburg, S. C.; Betty Lou Farabow, Charlotte; Carolyn Elizabeth Gallant, Charlotte; Peggy Whitlock Geer, Rutherfordton; Kathryn Ann Hickman, Malden, W. Va.; James C. Jones, Jr., Charlotte; Evelyn Richards Lyons, Morre Haven, Fla.; Frances Broadfoot Macpherson, Fayetteville; Sara Louise McNair, Charlotte; Billie Marion Mancin, Macon, Ga.; Laura Sue Mitchell, Florence, S. C.; Silas A. Moore, Stanley; Marjory Smith, Dillon, S. C.; Lenore Joyce Tucker, Concord; James C. White, Jr., Charlotte; John Wilson, Waxhaw, and Iris Jean Yandle, Charlotte.

Those receiving the B.S. degree will be: Douglas Elizabeth Austell, Charlotte; Carolyn Purcell Barton, Charlotte; Sarah Frances Biddis, Spruce Pine; Doris Elizabeth Biggers, Indian Trail; Sara Margaret Boyce, Charlotte; Dorothy Dorena Carnegie, Rutherfordton; Kitty Sue Carter, Greenville, S. C.; Dorothy Lillian Chambers, Charlotte; Catherine Carter Edgerton, Concord; June Olive Faulk, Charlotte; Ellanor Fetner, Lenoir; Janet Page Fifer, Covington, Va.; Martha Frances Lee, Charlotte; Joyce Adele Miller, Charlotte; Lucy Marion Oates, Rutherfordton; Rose Jeanette Plyler, Waxhaw; Pauline Crisp Rice, Lowell; Gene S. Reeves, Gastonia; Viva Colleen Rogers, Mooresville; Doris Ann Shirley, Charlotte; Mary R. C. Snyder, Charlotte; Jacqueline Mae Stafford, Greensboro; Anna Louise Stahl, Miami, Fla.; Betty Efird Taylor, Albemarle; Nancy Lea Timberlake, Roxboro; and Shirley McKenzie Vickery.

Two-year Secretarial Administration certificates will be issued to Juanita Asbill, Clinton, S. C.; Nancy Clodfelter, Richmond, Va.; Peggy Ann Hall and Gail Ann Phillips, Kannapolis; and Jane Adams White, Rock Hill, S. C.

—A. W.

Student Awards Received

The annual awards program of Queens College was held on Tuesday, May 12, 1953, in Ninniss Auditorium. President Jernigan presented the awards.

The Charlotte Panhellenic Council presented this year a new award of $50 to the most outstanding freshman. Chosen on the basis of meritorious scholarship, community service, and wholesome personality for this award was Peggy Brice of Chester, S. C.

Recipients of the Morrison Temperance Essay Prizes were Bertha Hamilton, Tampa, Fla., first prize of $25; Ann Coley, Winston-Salem, second prize of $15; and Joanna Adams, Gastonia, third prize of $10. These prizes are offered each year by the family of the late Mrs. Cameron Morrison in co-operation with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Charlotte.

Kappa Delta sorority received the silver cup for having the highest scholastic average on campus. This cup is awarded each year by the Queens Panhellenic Council and has been won by Kappa Delta four times in the past five years.

Marshals for the year 1953-54 were announced. This recognition is based upon academic achievement. The marshals who will serve at all formal occasions are: chief marshal, Mrs. Dorothy R. Hinson, Charlotte; senior marshals, Nancy Clodfelter, Richmond, Va., and Betty Lipe, Landis; junior marshals, Mary McLaney, Charlotte, and Caroline Love, Charlotte; sophomore marshals, Peggy Brice, Chester, S. C., and Irene Williams, Charlotte.

The Creative Writing Cup was awarded to Kathryn Hickman, Malden, W. Va., for her contributions to the *Blue Quill*. Honorable mention went to Fran Macpherson, Fayetteville, for critical evaluation and for poetry.

(Continued on page 31)

Queens Singing Ambassadors

Queens College has produced various and sundry talent in years gone by, but rarely, if ever, has she given to the community such a sparkling group of entertainers as the present Queens Quartet.

Members of the quartet are Ann Clark from Elizabethtown, Ann Currie from Carthage, Gloria Dowd from Charlotte, and Nancy Armistead from Montreat. Ann Clark is the mistress of ceremonies and business manager.

These Alpha Delta Pi girls have made many appearances at civic organizations such as the Optimist Club and the Lions Club here in Charlotte and in the surrounding areas. Included, of course, is Davidson. They will soon have their own radio program, which will be on the air every other Thursday morning. Recordings of a number of their most popular songs have been added also to the long list of achievements of this versatile foursome.

The Queens Quartet originated when the Charlotte Optimist Club asked Miss Thelma Albright if there were any groups at the college who could entertain at one of their meetings. The A D Pi songsters got wind of this inquiry, and after a week of vigorous harmonizing they were on their way to their premier performance. This happened last fall, and since this time numerous other civic groups have asked them to appear before them. Now they are becoming one of Queens' greatest assets. They just recently raised $40 for the Q.C.A. by a performance at the Charlotte Y.M.C.A.

If one should ask them, the girls would all say that their biggest thrill came when they were singing at a meeting of civic clubs in Darlington, S. C. When they finished, they learned that a severe critic, Rubinoff, the famous violinist, was in the audience. They made a hit with him, however, for he afterwards played for them and presented to each of the girls a violin-shaped gold pin set with rhinestones.

The Queens Quartette

Two of the girls, Ann Clark and Ann Currie, play the guitar to give background to their harmonizing of hill-billy tunes. Some of their well-known numbers are "Maggie Blues"; "I'll See You in My Dreams"; "Wait 'til the Sun Shines, Nellie"; and "Bessie the Heifer," featuring Ann Clark. Dr. Jernigan has made a contribution by teaching the quartet "Rose of Old Virginia."

If anyone has seen the Queens Quartet perform and heard Clark introduce them, he will know what is meant by "One-eyed" Currie, "Dimples" Dowd, and "Four-part" Armistead.

—V. E.

SUPER A&P MARKET

QUEENS OBSERVES ARTS FESTIVAL

Queens College observed its eighth annual Fine Arts Festival from May 1 through May 3. The traditional May Day celebration in the dell opened the festival on Friday afternoon. Nancy Timberlake of Roxboro, N. C., was May Queen and Kitty Sue Carter of Greenville, S. C., was her Maid of Honor. The flower girl and crownbearer were Yalene Newell and Michael Chandler. Members of the May Court were Nancy Armistead, Montreat, N. C.; Sylvia Turner, Greer, S. C.; Audrey Loftin Montgomery, Charlotte; Sarah Kuniansky, Lynchburg, Va.; Nancy Barron, Barbara Minogue, Betty Hunter, all of Charlotte; Barbara Edwards, Decatur, Ill.; Laura Sue Mitchell, Florence, S. C.; Joanna Adams, Gastonia, N. C.; Sara Nell Cooper, Conway, S. C.; Betty Bowen, Tallahassee, Fla.; Mary Jack Rolston, Richmond, Va.; Emilia Hutchinson, Elizabethtown, N. C.; Phyllis Scutt, Kingsport, Tenn.; Betty Lipe, Landis, N. C.; Elizabeth Lucas, Burgaw, N. C.; and Barbara Meyers, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The May Day pageant was based on the characters from the famous *Uncle Remus* stories. Br'er Rabbit (Anne Clark, Elizabethtown, N. C.), Br'er Fox (Dottie Saunders, Southern Pines, N. C.), and Br'er B'ar (Marjory Smith, Dillon, S. C.) romped their way in and out of various humorous escapades. The Sun (Carolyn LeGette, St. Charles, S. C.) shone down on the mischievous antics of the animals.

On Friday and Saturday evenings in Ninniss Auditorium the Queens Players presented two one-act plays, "The Dance Below" and "My Lady Dreams." The casts included: Caroline Gallant, Frank Custar, Florence Pearson, Claude Rayborn, all of Charlotte; Carolyn LeGette, St. Charles, S. C.; Louise Hobson, Piedmont, S. C.; Sally Edgerton, Goldsboro, N. C.; Lois Lawing, Lenoir, N. C.; and Melinda Brown, Hickory, N. C. Selected readings were presented by Betty Cross, Rocky Mount, N. C.; and Iris Jean Yandle, Mary Ann Todd, and Mary Bradley, all of Charlotte.

A panel discussion on contemporary arts began the Saturday program at 2:30 P.M. in the Stultz Building. Taking part in the discussion were the following members of the Queens College faculty: Mrs. Rebecca Bryant, art; John A. Holliday, music; William W. Snyder, drama; and Miss Anne Grier, dance. Dean Gordon W. Sweet was the moderator.

Two art exhibits were open from 3:30 until 5:00 P.M. Saturday afternoon, and the Alumnae Association was hostess at a tea during the same hours. The student art exhibit, which was on display in the Stultz Building, included landscapes, portraits, abstractions, fashion art, and plates and color designs. The last two groups represented the work of the home-economics students in their class in color and design. In the art studio in the Science Building there was an art-education workshop exhibit, featuring units of activity for elementary grades.

The final event of the festival was a program of contemporary music, sponsored by the Southeastern Composer's League. The program was given in Ninniss Auditorium.

A string quarter performed three pieces by Lamar Stringfield of Charlotte: "At a Still," "On a Cliff," and "A Moonshiner Laughs." The "Mountain Sketches" by Mr. Stringfield—"Morning" and "In a Log Cabin"—were played by a trio of flute, viola, and piano.

Two dances by Carolyn Furr of Salisbury were played by the composer at the piano. They were "Good Going" and "Happy Heels." Helen Watts of Charlotte was represented by two songs, "Gems" and "Communion." They were sung by Miss Claire Simmons, soprano, with Miss Anita Dixon at the piano.

John Holliday, chairman of the music department at Queens, played his "Prologue and Elegy for Violin and Piano" with E. Lindsey Merrill, assistant professor of music at Queens. Two of his songs, set to student poems by Carol Stocknor, Welch, W. Va., and Jimmy White of Charlotte, were sung by Earl Berg, professor of voice at Queens. The songs were "Terminus" and "My Swan."

The first public performance of a "Sonatine for Flute, Clarinet, and Piano," by Elliot Weisgarber of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, created much interest.

—Margaret McKenzie

MISS GRIER LEAVES QUEENS

Miss Anne Grier, who has been at Queens for two years as instructor of physical education, is leaving to do some traveling, possibly in the Pacific.

Miss Grier graduated from the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in 1951 with a B.S. degree in physical education, and she assumed her duties at Queens the fall of that year. While at W. C. she participated in many of the athletic activities on the campus.

Miss Grier was born in Smithfield, N. C., but she now lives with her two sisters in Charlotte. Miss Grier enjoys tennis, basketball, and swimming—in fact, almost every sport. During the summer she instructs in recreation and arts and crafts in girls' camps. She illustrated some of her dance techniques as choreographer in the 1953 Queens faculty Hay Day.

—A. B.

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Students And Faculty To Tour Europe

When the last exam is over, when trunks and paraphernalia are sent home, every Queens girl will turn her thoughts to fun, laughter, and relaxation—a summer vacation! For some students loafing, working, summer school, and the urge to travel will fill free time this summer. There are, however, two Queens girls who really intend to get away from it all. They are Jackie Johnson and Sylvia Turner, who will sail for Europe June 19.

Jackie and Sylvia are taking the Brownell Tour that is sponsored by Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Lyons of the University of North Carolina. There will be plenty of company for them as this tour will include thirty-five boys and girls from various colleges and universities in Virginia and North Carolina. In preparation for their departure Sylvia and Jackie have been nursing sore arms, a result from many serum shots. With all the red tape that is necessary for such a trip, both girls have been kept busy and excited.

The Waldorf-Astoria in New York will be the headquarters for the tour the first day, and they will then sail from New York on *The Vendam*. Eight countries will be visited on the tour that Jackie and Sylvia plan to take. These include England, France, Scotland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Italy. This tour of Europe will take approximately two months, and they will make their return trip to New York on the *New Amsterdam* August 15.

A few of the places of interest that Jackie and Sylvia will visit are London and the various interesting places there, old medieval castles throughout England and Scotland, the Swiss Alps, and Paris. Shopping in Paris is of particular interest to Sylvia, and she would like very much to bring back a "Paris Original"—a hat. All of the tentative plans thus mentioned are only a few of the experiences that Jackie and Sylvia have in store for this summer.

From the faculty members here at Queens College Dr. Herbert V. Carson is planning an unusual summer vacation. Dr. Carson is the sponsor for the Saadeh Travel Service for the 1953 European and Holy Land Tour. The Saadeh Travel Service has offices in New York City and Beirut, Lebanon.

The exact date of Dr. Carson's departure is not set, as the dates of the tour will be fixed definitely to combine popular demand with availability of needed flight services. The tour will, however, cover a period of thirty-five full days. It will leave between June 26 and July 4, and return between July 31 and August 30.

The departure will be by transatlantic airliner from Idlewild airport, New York. The party will arrive in Glasgow, Scotland, the second largest city of the British Empire, for the first day of the tour. There will be sightseeing to the many points of historic and cultural interests in the city of Edinburgh. The tour will also cover the most famous spots in and around London. A two-and-a-half-hour plane trip will then take the tour to Geneva, Switzerland. From there they will travel on to see old and new Cairo, where they will mount a camel and visit the Sphinx, the Pyramids, and the temples. Various other places of interest to be visited include Beirut, the crossroads of the world; Tyre and Sidon, remnants of the old Phoenecian civilization; and Damascus, Syria, the oldest inhabited city and the capital of Jordan. Tours through Cana, Galilee, Nazareth, Capernaum, and Mt. Carmel are planned.

Returning to Europe, the tour will visit Athens and other places of interest in Greece. Three days will be spent in touring Rome. The last days of the tour will be spent in Paris. The trip will end with the return to New York.

—M. M.

THE HERB GARDEN

A STUDENT PROJECT

Fay Gottlieb, a Queens sophomore, has started an herb garden for her botany project. The setting for this garden measures sixteen feet by twenty-eight feet and is centered around an old mill stone by the side of the biology lecture room. This project is planned to be a modern version of Grandma's favorite garden.

Fay first started the garden with seeds of different herbs—thyme, sweet savory, sweet marjoram, and basil. Soon after these seeds were planted, however, they were washed away by a heavy rain storm. Now Fay is continuing the garden with cuttings of herbs that she has started and with other cuttings which were given to her. These cuttings include thyme, chives, sage, lavender, and others.

Everyone has been asking Fay when her garden is going to come up. She does not know exactly how long it will take for the garden to be covered fully with the little green leaves, but Fay hopes that it will look like a garden by the end of May. However, she thinks she will have to wait until next year before she will be able to see the real results of her botany project.

—E. G.

INCOMING STUDENTS

One hundred and four new students have already registered and been accepted at Queens as compared with the fifty-five students who had registered by this time last year. Additional applications are coming in daily. These figures are significant in that they indicate the progress of Queens during the past year. Students are encouraged to study this list for the purpose of familiarizing themselves with the new names and of recognizing possible acquaintances. The following are the accepted students: Paula R. Barlow, Anniston, Ala.; M. SuBette Shelby, Anniston, Ala.; Chung-Po Shen (Missionary Student), Formosa; Jane H. Vick, Raleigh, N. C.; Bonnie Jean Walker, Danville, Va.; Evelyn C. Copelan, Mooresville, N. C.; Margaret F. Wright, Belton, S. C.; Patricia E. Raymer, Huntersville, N. C.

Also, Dorothy L. Baker, Davidson, N. C.; Hepsy B. Greer, Belton, S. C.; Ann M. Duckwall, Middleton, Va.; Ruth B. Thomas, Sanford, N. C.; Elizabeth Sykes, Statesville, N. C.; Mary Elizabeth Goldwire, Greenwood, S. C.; Mary Margaret Jeffers, Jacksonville, Fla.; Lucy Lee Wilkins, Lynchburg, Va.; Elizabeth D. Wilson, Montreat, N. C.; Lila P. Garner, Buford, Ga.

Also, Sara Bee Craig, Lancaster, S. C.; Elizabeth E. Powell, Latta, S. C.; Lindsay L. Marshall, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Alice D. Roane, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Etta J. Evans, Charlotte, N. C.; Ann Page Myers, Turbeville, Va.; Belle A. Lee, Faison, N. C.; Ellen M. Fraser, Clinton, S. C.; L. Virginia Holley, Darlington, S. C.; Carolyn Jaunice Cathey, Matthews, N. C.

Also, Elizabeth R. Brinkhoff, Charlotte, N. C.; Frances Lou Ramsey, Roanoke, Va.; Patricia J. Macdonald, Clinton, S. C.; Sandra Lee Cole, Bluefield, W. Va.; E. Elizabeth Davis, Charlotte, N. C.; Eugenia P. Bishop, Bluefield, W. Va.; Edna C. Mason, Charlotte, N. C.; M. Ann Lindsay, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Peggy Whittle, Davidson, N. C.

Also, Phyllis Shealy, Laurens, S. C.; Matilda Frances Selden, Lakewood, Ohio; Donna J. Yancey, Harrisonburg, Va.; Harriet Z. Fincher, Macon, Ga.; Carole G. Frank, Charlotte, N. C.; Martha P. Shaw, Sumter, S. C.; Kitty Sue Faulconer, Waynesboro, Va.; Lucinda Lynn Biles, Fort Riley, Kansas; Mary Ann Manning, Williamston, S. C.; Evelyn E. Christopher, Landrum, S. C.; Elaine Tucker, Phenix, Va.

Also, Darien D. George, Anderson, S. C.; Sara A. Dukes, Orangeburg, S. C.; Jean Elaine Trueworthy, Sanford, N. C.; Dorothy Lee Peterson, Memphis, Tenn.; Carolyn Cooper, Mooresville, N. C.; Helen Gamble, Laurinburg, N. C.; Ernestine R. White, Fountain Inn, S. C.; Beverley B. Ballard, Charleston, W. Va.; Billie Mae Shellem, Denver, N. C.; Ewell Gary Brady, Waxhaw, N. C.; Joyce G. Alexander, Huntersville, N. C.

Also, Sarah Ann Smith, Columbia, S. C.; Margaret C. Eaddy, Lake City, S. C.; Elizabeth S. Darnell, Fayetteville, W. Va.; Ann E. Kennedy, Farmville, Va.; K. Louise Zeigler, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mary Helen McCord, Pensacola, Fla.; Nancy Lee Suttle, Charlotte, N. C.; Betty W. Murchison, Concord, N. C.; L. Margaret Jones, Mullins, S. C.; L. Carolyn Heffner, Charlotte, N. C.

Also, Nancy Elizabeth Williams, Greensboro, N. C.; Dorothy H. Woodside, Staunton, Va.; Shirley Shipp, Fort Valley, Ga.; Peggy Ann Myers, Laurinburg, N. C.; Cynthia F. Blue, Durham, N. C.; Ada Marian Hunter, Blenheim, S. C.; N. Farris Cannon, Atlanta, Ga.; Adelaide R. Clark, Newland, N. C.; Nell Davis, Quincy, Fla.

Also, Ila Joan Dorough, Quitman, Ga.; Mary R. Adams, Wilmington, N. C.; Annie Patricia Smith, Rock Hill, S. C.; Catherine G. Baker, Valdese, N. C.; L. Alayne Watson, Danville, Va.; Priscilla Sue Crawford, Lincolnton, N. C.; Eugenia White, Sanford, N. C.; Ann Gay Rogers, Charlotte, N. C.

Also Peggy Lakenan, Perryville, Mo.; M. Jeanette Gladden, Charlotte, N. C.; Anita Ruth Dixon, Charlotte, N. C.; Mary Ann Brown, Gaffney, S. C.; Elissa Allen Venable, Roanoke, Ala.; Jane B. Rogers, Kissimmee, Fla.; Martha J. Reed, Orangeburg, S. C.; Ann Elizabeth Purvis, Arcadia, Fla.; Beth G. Davis, Spindale, N. C.

Also, L. Caroline Cannon, Fountain Inn, S. C.; Nancy Ann Harper, Lexington, Ky.; Jacqueline Ann Moser, Winston-Salem, N. C.; Susanne Campion Branch, Chesterfield, S. C.; Elizabeth T. McLeod, Chesterfield, S. C.; Bobbie Jean DeVove, Orangeburg, S. C.; Sarah Frances Carrigan, Darlington, S. C.

—B. C.

BAPTIST BOOK STORE

MAMA GOES TO COLLEGE

Dess Carroll

When I decided to enter Queens College at a rather ripe old age for such activity, I couldn't have created a greater furor if I'd suddenly announced my intention to fly to the moon. I received plaudits and commendations, criticisms and questions. Many said they admired my nerve; others assured me that I must be crazy to attempt it; still others said they didn't see how I could possibly manage it and continue my other activities. I thoroughly agreed with all of the comments made, and I have reason at the present time to marvel at my magnificent and colossal nerve.

My husband says that all I need to be equipped adequately to attend college are the following items, and I list them according to their importance: a brain, a good maid, eight additional hours per day, a pair of bobby sox, and a scarf to wear around my head. He assures me that if I could obtain these things my education would be in the bag. My eighteen-year-old son will drive extra blocks when I am with him so that we can pass the campus and he can hum one of the well-known college songs. He often asks, "Mother, do you make like a college girl today?" Or, he might say, "Do you mingle with the intellects today?" My two younger children think I'm nothing short of loco. They simply can't understand anyone's voluntarily taking on homework and studying. My third-grader said to me the other day, "Mother, does your old teacher give you homework to do over the week-end?" In spite of the teasing I get from this family of mine, however, they make it possible for me to go to college. They help with all the chores around the house, and they do it cheerfully.

Everywhere I go I'm given credit for being a "brain." It's embarrassing to me because I know I have so much to learn. My friends (jokingly I hope) say things like "I won't sit near Dess. I don't know enough to talk with her," or, as a recent house guest of mine told me, "I'll just tell you now what a nice time I've had. I wouldn't dare write to you again; I don't know enough gra mar." (My English teacher could e lighten her on that point.) I've had o or two to say I was simply crazy to wa to learn at my age, and I've had ma to imply this statement. All of the comments, however, didn't bother n much until one day a man connect with the local educational system ask me, "What are you going to do with this grammar when you get it? Y speak correct grammar." That stateme did set me back a little.

Amid all the criticism and praise suffer and rejoice, depending upon t mood I'm in and the ability to compr hend I show. Some nights I don't sle very well because I'm worrying abo some mistake I've made. At other tim when I'm encouraged by a glimmer understanding, I enjoy a carefree feeli of well-being. At the present time n foremost worry is that I will be unab to continue my study next year. Ho ever, there will be other years, ar sometime before I die I hope to be ab to learn more about everything. I'd li to be able to conjugate a verb, spot Biblical event, or even solve an equati without the ever-present feeling panic, blankness, and inadequacy.

Professor In National Publication

Miss Laura A. Tillett, professor of English at Queens College, was the author of a literary quiz, "Plethora of Pedagogues," which was featured in the April 25 issue of *The Saturday Review*. The quiz consisted of brief descriptions of ten school teachers in fiction. The reader was to identify the characters, to give the work in which each appears, and to name the author of the work.

The quiz, entitled "Your Literary I. Q.," is a department which appears in each issue of *The Saturday Review*. The quizzes are edited by John T. Winterich.

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Sigma Mu Taps Twelve

On May 2 the names of twelve students and members of the faculty were hailed on the big oak in front of Burwell by the Queens chapter of Sigma Mu as a sign of recognition for their scholastic achievement. The students recognized by the honorary fraternity were Doris Biggers, Indian Trail; June Faulk, Charlotte; Billie Mancin, Macon, Ga.; Patsy Harmon, Charlotte; Mrs. Dorothy Hinson, Charlotte; Betty Lipe, Landis; and Davy-Jo Stribling, Westminster, S. C. The associate members from the faculty are Dr. H. V. Carson, Dr. L. H. Chewning, Dr. M. M. McEwen, Dean G. S. Sweet, and Dr. W. F. Wetzler.

The new members were initiated on May 7 and attended a banquet at Quester's that evening. The speaker at the banquet was Dr. F. A. Spencer of Queens, who spoke briefly on "Scholarship and World Affairs." The group was urged by Dean Sweet to make itself better known on campus in the coming year for representing scholastic interest and for encouraging individual research.

The possibility of sponsoring a project on campus next year was discussed. Sigma Mu awards annual prizes for the best piece of creative work (art, literature, or music) submitted by any student. Joyce Miller is president of the local chapter.

WHAT THEY'LL BE DOING

Interesting to note is what the seniors intend to do after graduation. Although some of them are already married and many others are engaged, most members of the class of '53 are going to enter some vocational field.

The field which has attracted the largest group of graduates is education. Doris Biggers, Lotus Campbell, Dorothy Carnegie, Georgianna Houston, Marion Oates, Leslie Simmons, and Peggy Stahl are going to teach in elementary schools. Silas (Tom) Moore will teach in a junior high school. John Wilson will be a history instructor, and Peggy Geer will teach English in high school. Most of these seniors will be teaching in Charlotte. Laura Sue Mitchell will do kindergarten or nursery work. Carolyn Barton, Dorothy Chambers, Nancy Timberlake, Jeanette Plyer, and Lois Hudson are all going to be home-economics teachers. Lois, however, may obtain a Master's degree first. Joyce Miller and Catherine Edgerton will be public-school music instructors. To give private voice and piano lessons is Janice Jenkins' wish. June Faulk will give private lessons in piano. Georgia Earnhart has not decided whether to teach or to work as a mathematician.

Several of the seniors wish to continue their education. Frances Macpherson will continue in English at Duke. Billie Mancin hopes to do graduate work in mathematics, Jimmy White in psychology, Anne Clark in religious education at Chapel Hill, and Mary Allen in English. Jackie Stafford will enter a business school, although she eventually wants to give piano lessons. Nancy Armistead, Kathryn Hickman, and Marjory Smith may attend the Assembly Training School in Richmond, Virginia.

Some of the seniors, other than those going into graduate work, are entering the field of religion. James Jones is already a minister. Nancy Barron, Jean Crosland, and Jean Yandle intend to do D. R. E. work.

One of the graduates, Viva Rogers, is a nurse. Beth Austell and Betty Taylor will both go into nurse's training. Beth will be at the Presbyterian Hospital here in Charlotte. Evelyn Lyons intends to do physical therapy work. Martha Lee, who will also go into nursing, will work in Alaska this summer and then will go to Texas to work in a veteran's hospital. Katie Jean Aycock will become a laboratory technician in a hospital.

Many of the graduates will do business work of some kind. Gene Reeves is one of these. Sara Boyce, Ellanor Fetner, Sara McNair, and Kitty Sue Carter will also do business work. Pauline Rice and Sarah Biddix will become secretaries. Joyce Tucker, along with Carolyn Gallant, will go into personnel work. Working for the Board of Christian Education in Richmond, Virginia, will be Janet Fifer. Doris Ann Shirley will be employed by the Eastman Kodak Company in Kingsport, Tennessee. A girl with an interesting job will be Marion Joyce Anderson. She is going to Cuba to do commercial work.

Carmen Carter expects to become an industrial chemist. Jackie Henley is getting married and will live in Chapel Hill. Patricia Eversman, already married, is one of the students who graduated in February; she may do further study or teaching in history, the subject in which she majored.

—S. B.

GAVIN AND RUTLEDGE TO SPEAK

(Continued from page 5)

Mr. Rutledge's poems show the deep admiration and feeling which his poems bring out in his readers and listeners. Some of these notices read as follows: "The lyrics move the reader to rapture," from the Wilmington *Star;* "Contains brilliant poems. . . . Will be read with delight by all who appreciate the very best in poetry," from the High Point *Enterprise;* "This book will be welcomed in literary circles for its genuine significance," from the Gastonia *Gazette;* "A book of rare beauty. Lyric after lyric is exquisite; and with the beauty there is strength," from the Lexington *Herald.*

Mr. Rutledge's fame is not confined to the South but is worldwide. In London, Ontario, and Edinburgh he has made a name for himself in the field of literature.

Also on the Class Night Program will be examples of creative work of some of the members of the senior class. Miss Anne Clark, president of the class, will preside at the program.

—M. C.

"I'd Rather See Than Be One!"

Libby Gunn

"Be a lamb and carry these boxes, hmm?" purred a delicate voice from the hall.

I turned from my unpacking to see the newest addition to the freshman dorm. Floating past my door was a shapely creature, tagged closely by two blue-jeaned girls who were hugging boxes and looking questioningly at each other.

The tapping of her fragile heels signaled that she had entered the other room in the suite. Entering that room through the adjoining bathroom, I met the newcomer face to face. She looked me up—and down.

"Well, hello there," she said with cool surprise, using the same tone a woman would use in speaking to a neighbor's dirty child who had unexpectedly scampered into her spotless kitchen.

"I'm a fellow freshman," I ventured.

Either the word *freshman* or the fact that I was putting myself in *her* class seemed to turn her stomach. She looked ill.

"Mm, *really?*" she murmured with a disdainful smile—a smile that seemed to say "I must tolerate you. It will be hard, but I shall do it!"

Then turning abruptly to the freshmen who stood gaping in the doorway, she motioned toward nothing in particular. "O girls, just put those boxes on the bed." The girls moved like puppets, staring all the while.

But why not, for before us, pulling off her frosty white gloves, was a creature of de Milo dimensions, a little overly dressed, but indeed breath-taking. She accepted our rapt attention as though it were expected of us in payment for the privilege of having her in our presence.

She lifted a soft velour cloche from her head of raven-black, closely-cropped curls. Her fragile hand made an ivory fan against the jet as she gave her hair a confident pat. Above her heavy eyes were poised two arched fringes of blackness which accented the upward tilt of her nose and chin. (I wondered silently if she were born with her nose in the air!) Her intensely pink lips, stamped carefully in exactly the right place, were pouting aloof little phrases which jarred me back to reality.

". . . never seen such a room. How shall I stand it? And the bath?—" She expressed her opinion of the bathroom by clearing her throat.

"Well, I don't suppose there's anything to do but unpack. Wherever do you put your clothes in such a small closet? My trunks will be here soon . . . dear me!"

She moved several of the boxes on the bed.

"I just *had* to get some new cashmeres. Mother said 'Babe, you have eighteen now.' But you *know* a girl can never have too many." She sat down carefully on the bare mattress and crossed her shapely legs.

"Mm, am I tired," she murmured around a cigarette, which she was lighting with a tiny exquisite lighter. "Cris and I flew down. Probably you know Cris." Her eyes circled the handful of girls who had wandered into the room. She smiled through the hazy cloud of smoke, smugly satisfied that she had created such a stir. *Everyone* knows Cris Whitesides.

Rising, she frowned slightly and mused aloud, "I mus remind the housemother that I'll have to have this room t myself . . . move out this bed . . . give me more room."

Moving to the bathroom, she removed the towels fror the racks she singled out. "I'll use these racks. I know yo don't mind." Then that tolerant smile wiggled across he face again.

I was contemplating suicide when the housemothe bustled in. "O Miss DuBose, this isn't your room. You'r to room in the other dorm!"

Our visitor gave us a look that said "This is all to juvenile." Then shrugging, she purred, "Well, girls, it' been fun. Be a lamb and carry those boxes, hmm?"

NIGHT SCENE

Betty Cross

With the moon shining down on the black of the sea,
While the tides keep on rolling forever and free,
One can gaze at the glittering path on the swell
Where the surface has mirrored the beams as they fell.

When the light has been hidden by clouds of the night
Then the sky is dark as an eye without sight;
And the ocean moves on and roars to the shore
Where the spray is still dashed from the rocks as before

Though the darkness has covered the sea by his word,
Yet the sigh of the wind and the waves can be heard.
And a breeze brings the salt-pungent air to the land,
And the dampness of surf can be felt in the sand.

Thus a life takes its pattern from friend that one knows
So his glory in others will live though he goes
From this earth to another. Behind will remain
An imprint on someone—he lived not in vain.

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A Hop Ahead With Hector

With just a few more days of school left I'm getting so excited about summer vacation I don't know what to do. Harvey, my father, says that we may stay here for summer school. I hope we do so I can keep up with the work on the dorm and the gym. I've had such a good time playing in the cement. I've written my name in several places, and I've left my paw prints in several more. I've been sliding down the sides of the swimming pool. It has water in it after it rains, and I sneaked a swim in it last week with "Sandy"—I've learned to backstroke with my ears! It will also be fun this summer to watch the construction of the president's new office. It's going to be so elegant I guess I'll have a time finding the president in it.

I went down to the launderette in Carson with Margaret last week. (I almost got my ears burnt in the dryer.) The machines just run all the time. The girls should take better care of them. I heard one girl say that she wished that boarding-student council would make some rules concerning the launderette. Girls should not take wet clothes out of dryers and put their own in. Maybe we need two or three large baskets to keep girls' clothes in. I heard Dr. Jernigan say that he might get another dryer next year, too!

I really enjoyed May Day this year. It was right down my alley since Uncle Remus is more on my level. Margaret, the girl I live with, wasn't in it this year—she's too busy now with Morrison dormitory. We moved over here after spring holidays because Margaret was elected house president. The girls over here are much quieter than the girls in North. (We don't have any dogs here, either.)

I'm surprised that the new editor let me keep my column. I guess Fran told her I had a good ear for news. That reminds me of the news I heard about the gentleman who may be teaching here next year. Some of the juniors got kind of excited about him. I heard he's six feet tall, young, and single. I imagine his mythology class may prove interesting. I've also heard that Davidson and Queens have been exchanging jokes recently. I wonder where Queens' new Alma Mater is? I thought some one was sponsoring a contest for new words and music.

I've had a good time looking over my diary of the past year. (I keep it in Margaret's jewelry case.) I did not realize that so much had happened in one year. This time last year Miss Albright had just bought a hotel at Pawley's Island; the launderette was just a dream; the Den was incomplete; and only one remodeled bath had materialized on campus. Last summer the Burwell steps were recemented; the *Handbook* was printed with money from solicited ads; the summer school was the largest ever; the patron's list was begun, the baths were remodeled in North and South; and the pool was omitted from gym plans.

During the year my ears picked up many plans for Queens. Among these were plans for new courses, plans for stop days (I'm ready for one), plans for the Bucket Brigade, plans for the Brazilian student, plans for the coronation trip, plans for the new dorm, plans for Hay Court, plans for the Hut—in fact, plans is all I've heard. I've heard rumors of plans for next year, too. They sound good. There may be more entertainment on campus next year, such as sox hops and game tournaments. Freshmen are going to get more help, too. Lists of students who will help freshmen in certain fields will be posted in the dorms; day-student freshmen may have tutors. House councils may be stronger, and messy rooms may be a boarding-student council problem! I do hope the girls will take special care of the furniture in the new dorms—it's so swanky! I've heard that lots of Friday night fellowships are planned between sorority and non-sorority girls. Panhell may furnish refreshments at 10:00 P.M. during exams. (I know I'll be there if they have carrot sticks.) Panhell study halls may run on a different system next year with rules and penalties! I've heard it rumored that the student directory will be out much earlier next year and that the sophomores will "rat" the freshmen on September 21, but they will end the week in goodwill with a picnic for both classes.

While I was passing by the infirmary last week, I saw a group of Charlotte alums casing the joint. I wondered what they were doing there so I hopped closer and peered around a tree at them. I found out that they were making plans to remodel the infirmary. It will be repainted; the floors will be renovated; and new lighting fixtures will be installed. Mrs. H. Watson Stewart, the president of the Charlotte alums, was quite excited about the plans. She was also hepped up over the Homecoming luncheon to be held May 30 at 12:30 in the dining hall. I overheard her talking with Miss Miscally about the plans. Mr. W. O. Hampton will have the invocation, and Mrs. Wyss Barker will welcome the visitors. Mrs. Stewart will greet the class of 1953; Anne Clark will respond. Dr. Jernigan will introduce the speaker, whose subject will be "Report on Western Europe." The reunion classes will be recognized, and the attendance cup will be presented. Gee, I wish I were a senior so I could see all this. The seniors are especially invited—Wonder if I could sneak in by Miss Henderson!

I had a delightful time on choir trip. (I stowed away in Mr. Merrill's violin case!) I saw Venetia's name in a peculiar place, and some little boy really had a good time flirting with the girls. Mr. Holliday sort of got confused the last night and got on the Norfolk bus to come to Queens! Mr. Merrill didn't like to ride in the back of the bus. We had a good time with the telegram which we received at High Point, and Mr. Holliday got a big chuckle over the choir's being confused with a production of "Show Boat."

Speaking of plans—I also overheard a trustee tell Dr. Jernigan that there will be no more dances, dates, or men on campus next year; but fortunately he was joking. The same trustee hinted that the large mirror in Burwell has an interesting story to tell! I've also heard that the class of '53 plans to graduate. I hate to see them go—they've had some hopping good times. I haven't heard what they plan to leave to the school. Everybody's getting hush-mouthed around me now—I wonder why!

As We See It

A STUDENT AND A POOL

The growth of a college is measured most often in terms of the maturity of its students. Among the eighteen hundred colleges and universities in this country, you will find a few in which there is an enthusiastic effort on the part of faculty and students to make the community life of the campus a thing of fullness and pleasure. Proper emphasis is placed as much as possible upon the intellectual, spiritual, and civic aspects of human personality. At this point in its career, Queens College displays an extraordinary urge to find a completeness of atmosphere in which the student may grow and mature.

The construction of the student swimming pool is a symbol of the success that a college may have when students and faculty join hands in an effort to improve their college. Much has been said and written in praise of Queens for the Student Bucket Brigade. At a time when small church-owned colleges are struggling to maintain their financial position in the world of learning, this college has displayed a degree of imagination, pluck, and determination that is at once a challenge and a benediction to those interested in the broad cultural training of the liberal arts. It is my belief that the success of the pool venture has made better students of all who participated.

An interesting corollary is that the public has developed more pride in this college as the students display their own pride. Success is likely to breed success; the full dormitories reflect the pride of the student body. This respectable pride of Queens students is contagious. It displays itself in the student enthusiasm for the entire program of the college—from campus to curriculum. It is also evident in the partnership of pupil and teacher in the splendid venture of higher education. It is living witness to the value of a college where things of the mind and spirit are the common heritage of all her students.

The swimming pool project has become the symbol of enthusiastic achievement on this campus. Queens men and women have wrought splendidly. They are building more than a pool—they are helping to build a greater college.

—C. C. Jernigan

SIGNS OF MATURITY

It is always encouraging to see signs of maturity in our associates. Especially today are these evidences of greater development welcomed. And it is with pride that we point to the senior class as an example.

The seniors, feeling that Class Days in the past had been entirely too much on the light and frivolous side, have eliminated the daisy chain, the Class Will and Testament, and the Class Prophecy. Branding these customs as immature and on the high-school level, they feel that tradition for tradition's sake alone is unnecessary. And it is their intention to encourage the intellectual and creative powers within their class.

First, the senior class has chosen Mr. Archibald Rutledge, who is Poet Laureate of South Carolina and a great creative artist, to be guest speaker at the Class Day exercise. Secondly, they will use original work of members of the class on this program. This, they feel, will be a higher tribute to their class and to the school as a whole than have been previous Class Day programs.

These evidences of maturity need not be manifested by seniors alone. Rather, we as a student body can and should continue the reflective, constructive thinking and the desire for personal and group development that are evidenced by the Class of 1953.

—A. M.

STRICTLY TO THE HAY COURT

The student body is fortunate in that it does not have to compete with you, the faculty, in the annual stunt night held in November of each year. You would surely steal the show—and the cup, too—for the talent displayed by you faculty members in your production of "Hay Court" was astounding in more ways than one. No student dreamed that you had such pretty men, such well-trained dancers (especially shag!), such deadly sins and deadly toadstools, such Mother Goose characters, or such a "Hay Pole." In fact, the students at Queens did not know they had such a faculty!

The stunt was a red-letter feat at Queens. All the students will remember its presentation, and many students will cherish snapshots taken that night. But the memory and the snapshots are not the important items by which the stunt will be remembered. These things will fade in a few years, but the memory of your co-operation and good sportsmanship will always be treasured in the hearts of Queens students.

We requested a stunt of you. You did not have to take us up on it, but you did. You suggested that admission be charged to be used for a student project. You selected your stunt; you accepted your assigned parts without complaint. You kept your plans a secret. You knew you would look ridiculous in your parts, but you did them anyway. You practiced for success. You were good sports in front of flashbulbs. You let us laugh at you. You let your hair down, and we liked it!

By your co-operation and sportsmanship you should have taught Queens students a lesson. Your stunt stands as proof that a great college can be built by all of us working together, assuming our individual responsibilities, working on Queens projects in which we may not be vitally affected, and by becoming well-rounded and versatile students. If you can do it, why can't we? Meanwhile, let's make Hay Court an annual event on Queens campus. We are glad you were in Hay Court. We are gladder still you are on the faculty.

—D-J. S.

THE WISDOM OF SEGREGATION

How well the freshmen remember the day that Dr. Fernigan stood before us in assembly and told us that when school began next fall we would have a new dormitory. Our excitement mounted higher and higher when we heard just how lavish and modern our new living quarters were going to be.

The rising sophomores were all hoping that they might be fortunate enough to live in the new dormitory next year. Their feeling of excitement over the new building was replaced by concern, however, when the announcement was made that juniors and seniors alone would room in the new dormitory. We have discussed the matter among ourselves and have arrived at the following conclusions. We all feel that the plan for putting freshmen together is necessary in establishing class spirit and unification; but after the freshman year, we believe that we should be placed in dormitories with upperclassmen. After the class spirit has been established in the freshman year, we feel that rooming in dormitories with upperclassmen will promote unification among the classes and the college as a whole. We also feel that sophomores are going to be denied the opportunity of becoming well acquainted with all the upperclassmen. These two facts are the reasons for the many complaints that have been voiced all over the campus.

Now that the sophomores have signed up for rooms according to this arrangement, we are willing to co-operate in every way. However, if this rooming situation is found to weaken school unification and to prevent sophomores from becoming well acquainted with all upperclassmen, we recommend that it be revised next year.

—B. C. S.

ETHICS?

The relationship between the administration, faculty, and students of Queens College has been one of friendliness and congeniality. The intimate family atmosphere of Queens has permitted the three groups to share informally their interests, tastes, and experiences and to work harmoniously in the educational process. The high intelligence and the lofty moral and ethical standards of some faculty members have been motivation for learning and inspiration for better living for countless students. A deep respect for person and position has permeated the campus.

Does this relationship exist at the present? The answer is both yes and no. This year has been rich in faculty-student integration and co-operation. The relationship, however, has been damaged considerably. Some members of the faculty and the administration have violated thoughtlessly or intentionally all professional ethics by criticizing their colleagues and students in public. The students have encouraged this criticism by their apparent delight in the display. Friendly congeniality among the faculty has been replaced in many instances by disrespectful familiarity. These actions and attitudes have resulted in increased harmful criticism and unrest among students, faculty, and administration and less true friendliness and co-operation.

Those of us who are proud of our Queens family and wish to enhance our family relations and to raise our standards—intellectual, spiritual, and ethical—look upon this damage with alarm. We feel that students are alert enough to detect the faults of their colleagues and elders without being prompted to and mature enough to give constructive criticism with tact. Queens College is a family with limitless potentialities; may we keep it well-arounded and harmonious.

—P. H.

TREASURE

I gave my treasure to him
A score of times,
And he each time would look and say,
"Lo, here" or "there the fault is hid."
Then I would take again,
Refashion cunningly each jewel.
And now I only ask,
"Beloved, what of the treasure,
And where will it rest at last?"

AFTER DONNE

I loved you before I met you.
Songs given to dawn found echo in your name.
Autumnal embers showed your face
When winter fell upon desire.

PARODY—TO THE CLASS OF '32

Though this shaft leads just through granite
It has worth if you unnerstanite.
Roll your own brand TNT,
Who can tell where you'll yet be?

—Fran Macpherson

AMADO NERVO: PERLAS NERVAS

Translation by KATHRYN HICKMAN

V.

You see the sun, extinguishing its pure light
In the waves of the amber sea?
Thus sinks my fulgent happiness,
For it will not spring up again on my path.

Look at the white moon: rending the silken veil
Of darkness, beginning to shine.
Thus rises above my heaven
The celestial funeral of my sadness.

Do you see the beacon on the decayed rock
Covered with its restless sea-foam carpet?
Thus faith radiates o'er my life,
Solitary, holy, hidden:
As the face of an angel in the shadow!

BROWSING . . .

I sat down in a corner a couple of days ago. "Now look here," I said sternly, "you're a college student. There're things going on in the world right now that you should know about. But I'm too busy studying"—I gave the time-worn excuse that's been used by students ever since the day of the first colleges and universities. And the pertinent answer came back to me, "You're preparing to take your place as a citizen of the world; so it's just as important for you to know about President Eisenhower's stand on domestic issues and the threat of communism throughout the world as it is for you to know the phylum that grasshoppers belong to and why Milton wrote *Lycidas*.

"It's not going to take you as long to read a newspaper as it does to read your psychology assignment; so you can't use the excuse that contemporary affairs would take up too much of your study-time. Of course if you first read 'Pogo' and 'Mary Worth' you probably will lose time. In addition to the front page and editorials of the daily newspaper, read such magazines as *Time, Newsweek,* and *The Atlantic Monthly*."

I continued to reprimand myself—"And don't, by any means, neglect contemporary books and novels. They form a world of exciting information. So you'd better squeeze the time in your schedule for this kind of reading. Read at least a couple of new books every month. Make your selections carefully, including non-fiction as well as fiction.

"You can find the best suggestions for your reading of new books right here on this page of *The Blue Quill*. The books reviewed here were especially chosen for you. Read them yourself and see why."

With this I had finished scolding myself and made my resolution for contemporary reading. Have you made yours?

—M. B.

GOD AND THE SPIRITUAL ARE FIRST

This I Believe: Written for, and with a foreword by Edward R. Murrow. Simon and Schuster, New York: 1952, $1.00. Pp. 200.

This I Believe is an inspiring book written by a hundred men and women who have revealed their most intimate thoughts about life and what they believe to be the most important aspect of life—happiness.

The central ideas agreed upon by the writers are that spirituality must overshadow materialism if the heart is to find peace in a world of confusion and earthly desires, and that the individual must strive toward Godliness in order to fulfill the purpose that he is a creation of God and not merely a slave to worldly ambitions.

The writers, in their individual ways, also express the belief that one must know himself before he can understand others. By knowing himself he will have gained a knowledge of human nature that will carry him through life with a faith in humanity that is essential if he is to live happily in this universe of which he is a part.

The experiences of these men and women, which have been so effectively compiled by radio commentator Edward R. Murrow, are challenges to those who believe that life is to be lived to its fullest advantages and to those who believe that, with the help of God, they can find a purpose in life that leads to spiritual and mental happiness.

The book contains a short synopsis of each author's life, and these synopses help the reader to understand why the authors believe as they do. To those who wish to know how rich and satisfying life can be, the answer is *This I Believe*.

—Kathryn Rogers

WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO TO DO GOOD?

Morrison, Theodore: *The Stones of the House*, The Viking Press, New York: 1953, $3.50. Pp. 375.

The Stones of the House is the story of Rowley University's acting president, Andrew Aiken. Andy faces so many problems in the few weeks which the book covers that the reader wonders how he escapes having a nervous breakdown. The reader will long remember this picture of a man doing his best.

The two major questions treated in this book are: Will Aiken be able to build a new college library, and will he be made president of the college? In addition to these problems, Andy has to cope with the ever-present routine matters of student discipline, faculty squabbling, and finance. Moreover, he has to cope with the unusual problems of a Jewish member of the faculty who is accused of communistic beliefs, and another difficult and, later revealed, mentally upset teacher.

Badger Bratten, Andy's one-time roommate, now a powerful alumnus and successful business man, is another source of problems for Acting-President Aiken. The author's treatment of Badger's problems and his relationship to Andy shows praiseworthy understanding, as does his treatment of Andy's wife and daughter and their relationship with him.

Theodore Morrison has presented an interesting and entertaining story in *The Stones of the House*. The book is well written; the plot and dialogue are both natural and plausible; the characters are drawn in a very realistic manner—so realistically, in fact, that the reader feels as if he has known them. This realism can be attributed to the fact that Mr. Morrison serves on the Harvard faculty, where he has gained a reputation as a poet and as a successful Chaucer translator. I recommend this book to both students and faculty.

—Florence Pearson

FAITH AND WORK PRODUCE MIRACLES

Sloop, Mary T. Martin, with LeGette Blythe: *Miracle in the Hills*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York: 1953, $3.50. Pp. 232.

Dr. Mary T. Martin Sloop's Christian philosophy—work, pray, and have faith—is demonstrated in such a way in *Miracle in the Hills* that it will not soon be forgotten. This lively, personal story gives an account of the Sloops' forty-year crusade in the mountains of North Carolina for progress in education, in health, and in spiritual though

Every incident is related in Mrs. loop's own words as LeGette Blythe ecorded them. It is the story of Cross- ore and the story of a one-woman revo- ution. Mrs. Sloop declared a personal ar on moonshiners. Once she even hid still in her clothes closet. She fought gainst child marriages. Often girls were nly fourteen when they settled with oys of sixteen in a shack on an acre f rocky ground. Mrs. Sloop is the main erson responsible for the twenty-four- uilding school at Crossnore today. The any projects that made the school pos- ble brought the people of Crossnore nd the surrounding country closer to- ether.

Miracle in the Hills is told in the ch, local language of the mountain eople. Mrs. Sloop spins yarns about er favorite people. She even tells the ue tale about "Frankie and Johnnie" nd recounts the history of Jesse James. Mrs. Sloop has a dry wit, and she sees umor in everyday situations. By adding Mrs. Sloop's humor, her belief in hard ork, and her steadfast faith one has *Miracle in the Hills*—a book to entertain nd inspire.

—Mary Bradley

LIFE'S EXTRAS

Rutledge, Archibald: *Life's Extras,* New York: Fleming H. Revell Co., $0.75. Pp. 25.

Archibald Rutledge has written many a delightful message of courage, comfort, and good cheer. His work as a newspaper reporter, professor, lecturer, philosopher, and author has made him as much a part of the Old South as the magnolia tree and Negro folk songs.

His home is a beautiful plantation called "Hampton." It is located in McClellansville, South Carolina. "Hampton" is suggestive of those elements which make up good folk lore. The old home, the landscaping, the lack of so-called modern conveniences, and Negro tenants combine beauty with tradition to create a restful haven from the busy modern world.

Archibald Rutledge is a creative artist of great renown; yet we see in him humility seldom found in men of his stature. This humility comes from his deep faith and his sincere appreciation of the gifts of God. All who read his books feel a deep sense of the strong faith that moves his life and reflects itself in his writing.

This book, *Life's Extras,* is an introduction to those gifts of God which are luxuries, but which we take for granted.

He asks us to think for a minute about the difference in life's necessities and extras and ponder over the question: Who put them there and why?

What are life's extras? The sunlight, the moonlight, a cool breeze on a sultry night, the sapphire blue of a sky which could be a dull grey if it were not for God's love. Mr. Rutledge has proposed, in this book, to make us aware of these luxuries.

Life's Extras is a calm and thoughtful presentation of these everyday surprises and gifts. The author has skillfully combined appropriate and illustrative stories —of woodsmen, of loggers, and those who are forgotten by some, but who are comrades in this Christian life—with his superb mastery of words, wit, and human understanding. He shows through these stories how beauty can take away

(Continued on page 32)

MONTALDO'S

fashions fit for

"Queens"

may be found in our

Rendezvous Room

Third Floor

POETRY

A DIME AND A COMB AND A RING

AUDREY MONTGOMERY

The light was dim; the room was dark
Where sat a sweet young thing.
With doleful eyes she gazed upon
A dime, and a comb, and a ring.

A month had passed since first she came
From village small and kind
To city streets so cold and harsh
Of man one friend to find.

A cleaner of the streets was he.
His hair in number few.
His back was stooped, yet aye he sang
And worked the whole day through.

The maid he saw and kindly helped
To cast away her fears.
A place to stay, a job and pay
He found to dry her tears.

And grateful was she for the deeds
Of kindness to her shown.
A dime for coffee every morn
She gave him as a loan.

Now one sad day the cleaner found
A ring of purest gold.
He picked it up and then—ah, woe—
He did a thing most bold.

He took the ring and placed it on
His old and work-worn hand,
And he felt a power strange surge forth
From out this golden band.

He thought it odd but hurried on
His long and hard way home,
And lying in his path he found
A lovely jeweled comb.

The maid more friends soon knew, and one
Asked her to attend a ball.
A masquerade it was to be
And held in a famous hall.

A dress she bought, and off she went
To have a grand, gay fling;
And there she met a lad who had
A most unusual ring.

The lad was young and fair to see.
His hair was black as night.
The ring upon his finger shone
As bright as morning's light.

They danced and danced the whole night through.
She noticed oft the ring.
So happy was she, though, that she
Could only dance and sing.

"Dear sir," said she, "that ring you wear
I've seen before this day."
"Oh, no," spake he, "it is not so.
Only *one* is made this way.

"So young you are, so fair to see!
This gift take for your own!"
She looked, and in her hand he placed
A lovely jeweled comb.

The clock struck two. The lad then left.
And the maid was sore distressed.
She knew him not. To disguise himself—
As a cleaner he had dressed.

From that day on they met quite oft,
And love between them grew.
But every night they had to part
Just as the clock struck two.

O fateful day! On New Year's
The clock had just struck two!
But they heard it not, for they forgot
As they told their love so true!

Ah woeful day that ere they met!
Ah doom, so dark, so sad.
The sweet young maid saw never more
Her gallant, charming lad.

She held him in her arms so tight,
But soon her heart grew cold;
For the form she held was not a youth
But a man grown worn and old.

She knew now where the ring she'd seen
And horror her crept over.
The ring had giv'n him pow'r to be
Her young and handsome lover.

The old man stood and bowed his head.
His eyes were sad and gray.
"Oh, Miss," he said, "it's all because
Of the ring I found that day.

"But have no fear. Its pow'r is gone.
It can not harm thee more."
He sighed and left. The maid did weep;
Her happiness was o'er.

The old man died and to her sent
The fateful, haunted ring,
The ring that gave the old man power
The maid's sad thoughts to bring.

The lights are dim; the room is dark,
Where sits an old gray thing.
And still with doleful eyes she sees
A dime and a comb and a ring.

NIGHTMARE*

Carolyn Moffat

The night was dark; no stars did shine;
The moon was hanging low.
No light it shed—'twas dark and dread,
And ne'er a beam did glow.

Up to the lonely castle dark
Came horse and rider lone.
One, two, three, four—he rapped upon the door.
Within, a light soon shone.

"A lodging, shelter for the night
My horse and I do need.
Couch for my head, straw for his bed."
Thus did the weary stranger plead.

"Away, O stranger, go away.
No good awaits you here.
Away, away, I beg, I pray,
For evil lurks, and fear."

"O please, good sir, the night is dark,
And tired is my horse.
A journey long, a turn gone wrong,
And we have lost our course."

"'Tis at your risk you enter, sir.
I've warned as best I could;
I'll light your way, for you may stay,
But this can bode no good."

A servant lit him to his room;
A bed awaited there.
Full tired was he, full tired was he;
Yet he disrobed with care.

Asleep he lay, for tired he was,
The journey hard had been.
The moon shone white; the moon shone bright;
Its beams came streaming in.

A step creaked here; a door creaked there.
The hour of midnight tolled.
His sleep flew by, he knew not why,
And yet his blood turned cold.

Close by the door in shaft of light
Sat figure slight and bent,
And still did croon its weird, wild tune
As shadows came and went.

And as it sat, it seemed to stitch;
Its fingers seemed to fly.
It seemed to sew, go to and fro,
And then it seemed to sigh.

How long it sat he did not know.
The stranger could not move;
In bed he sat, ere froze like that
With fears he could not prove.

Quick through the air both up and down
The phantom fingers flew.
Then swift as dawn, the thing was gone,
And chill, damp wind rushed through.

The stranger sat, and then he rose.
He would investigate.
Was it a dream? Then came his scream
As he beheld the fate,

For in the hall upon the floor
A bloody head there lay.
A bloody head, a servant dead—
He was the phantom's prey.

The hair was gone; the head was bald;
The blank eyes held a stare.
Upon his face fright took its place;
Around was scattered hair.

A horror seized the stranger now.
He saw what had been done.
The light had dawned. The thing had drawn
The hairs out one by one.

A laugh rang out, and then a scream,
And then came devilish cries.
His eyeballs rolled, his flesh grew cold.
His frame was racked with sighs.

He tore his hair and ripped his clothes.
The wind did wail and moan.
His mind was worn, completely gone.
The phantom claimed its own.

———

*A slightly revised version of "Moonlight Sonata," which Alexander Woollcott gives in his book, *While Rome Burns.*

WILLOWS

Peggy Geer

By the side of the winding bank
Willows weep and bend
And toss their hair to be kissed and dried
By the gentle summer wind.

LIFE'S EXTRAS

(Continued from page 17)

sadness, but how nothing can take a love of beauty away from us—not even time.

Life's Extras makes one aware of the luxuries he is enjoying which are not really his unless he can see and think about them. The book creates a desire to see a beautiful sunset on a snow-capped mountain, watch a fog silently rising over a placid lake, or sit quietly and observe the beauty around and say "Thank you, God, for providing me with these luxuries."

South Carolina has honored this humble Christian artist by proclaiming him Poet Laureate. All do well to honor the man who has lived a good life, believes in the life he is living, and encourages us through his life and work to do likewise.

Life's Extras offers the reader the chance to see the love of God through the beauty of the world and inspires him to want to lead a better life—a life full of joyous extras.

—Anne Clark

THE ROAD

Kathryn Hickman

Summer sun,
Hard-baked clay,
Swirling dust
Eddies, falls.

Autumn rain
Washes, cools.
Dampened leaves
Hesitate,
Cling, descend.

Frozen ruts,
Icy, deep;
Snow flakes come,
Cover all.

Mist-green clouds:
Tender leaves;
Flower bud.
Along the way
Soft rebirth.

RAIN

Audrey Montgomery

When summer's heat the earth's soft face does stain
And nature's splendor loses its bright hue,
Come then, soft drops, that cleanse the earth again
And for all nature her young life renew.
The scorched grass, its green now turned to brown,
The water sweet and pure bids welcome be.
The cooling drops of rain caress the ground,
And life bursts forth once more for all to see.
The drops so pure renew the life God gives
As each its own true power so gladly shares
And helps each tender vital thing that lives
To reproduce the excellence it bears.
Come, gentle rain, that God's own joys portray,
And give God's peace, His joys and life for aye.

SKETCHES

Peggy Geer

Her soul's
A white-cloaked nun
Who wears a rosary
Of dreams and a bright bouquet
Of stars.

* * *

There are candles on the table
And laughter as before,
But a black wreath hangs
Upon my heart's door—
It is a lonely holiday.

* * *

A little ball of soft black fur,
With eyes so sad and wistful
And nose so damp and leathery,
Sniffs and slightly moves against my fingers.

A HASTY LETTER

Betty Cross

The moon streamed in the chapel door,
The candles flickered low;
A figure knelt, all black she wore,
Her head was bowed in woe.

Outside the wind was moaning loud,
And clouds of black appeared
As she returned where she had vowed
To love whom she now feared.

She loved him through the first two years
Of war's eternal strife,
But absence eased her flood of tears,
A new love shared her life.

A letter she composed in haste
To tell him she was through
And sent it to the war-torn waste
Just as his leave was due.

He answered her by writing that
His love for her was true;
He knew that she alone had sat
And needed things to do.

With aching, breaking heart he went
Into the battle's din;
And volunteering, he was sent,
Alone a fight to win.

He tried no more himself to shield,
For he had ceased to live;
A sacrifice himself did yield,
His life for men did give.

His letter she received one day
And found she loved him still,
But she her answer did delay,
And fate had worked her will.

She blamed herself for killing him
And wasted soon away;
But as the light of life grew dim,
She wandered forth to pray.

Her new love false had proved to be,
And she was all alone;
So now she prayed on bended knee
And cried, for hope was gone.

Like this with thoughts sad she remained
And wished that she would die
When there appeared a figure stained
Who yelled the battle cry.

With phantom hand her head he brushed
And spoke of love that passed;
Her will to live his touch had hushed,
And she did die at last.

They found her there the foll'wing day;
She died where she had knelt,
For faithless love her debt did pay,
And with her fate had dealt.

And now on stormy nights they go
To pledge their love anew;
They speak in death with voices low
Devotion known by few.

BUS RIDE

Kathryn Hickman

We had only a five-minute break in the Palmer City station; so I decided not to bother with getting off the bus. I could wire Mother during our supper stop, which was only about fifty miles farther. That would give her and Daddy plenty of time to drive into Marshfield to meet me, I mused.

My attention was drawn suddenly to the bus driver, who was talking with an attractive woman; they were standing directly beneath my window. The woman was dressed in black; her clothes were well-made and in good taste. Her blonde hair beneath her stylish hat was arranged in a most becoming manner. She was speaking hurriedly, almost frantically, with an accent which made her words almost indistinguishable to me. On her lovely face was an expression of frenzied worry. Her blue eyes showed anxiety and fear. And yet there was a determined look in them, too.

The driver looked rather helpless as he told the woman over and over that all of the seats on his express bus were occupied. Finally, he persuaded her to take the local bus which was traveling the same route that we were taking. When he had her situated on the other coach and our departure had been announced by the dispatcher, we were on our way.

I forgot about the woman for the moment and soon was engrossed in talk with the tiny girl sitting in front of me. She provided a decided contrast to the conversation of the sailor next to me had directed, and it was a welcome relief. Thank heaven, he was now discussing some nautical matter with the old man across the aisle. When the child's mother suggested that she sleep awhile, I decided to try a nap, too. I closed my eyes, but the man across the aisle was telling again the story of his first rodeo show in Madison Square Garden, and he told it so vehemently that few on the bus could avoid hearing it. I opened my eyes and, using the driver's rear-view mirror, looked around at the people. What interesting people I had come in contact with on these bus rides home from college!

When we arrived in Smithson, I wired Mother that I would be home on the twelve-thirty bus. As I did, I was grateful that Professor Whitmore had let me out of class early so that I could ride the early bus. Then I walked into the station dining room and ordered my usual grilled-cheese sandwich and milk. Maybe Mother would have something left over from supper; as usual I was going home broke.

I hastily swallowed my last bit of sandwich just as our bus was announced. Several passengers, including the sailor, had gotten off in Smithson; and among the new ones was the woman I'd seen in Palmer City. It soon appeared that she was to sit next to me. As she sat down, I noticed that she looked somewhat disheveled; and the beautiful eyes that I had noticed before had a glassy look. And there was about her a slight yet unmistakable odor of alcohol. This should be interesting, I thought.

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CHARLOTTE, N C

We had been traveling only a short while when my companion began to talk. Her voice had a soft, low pitch; and her accent added to the romantic mystery which seemed to surround her. She talked of "my homeland" (which I later learned was Germany) and its customs and beauty. It was like a lesson in geography and history combined with a chamber-of-commerce pamphlet. Her quaint expressions, interspersed with bits of American slang and wrong verb forms, made the whole conversation fascinating. I could tell that she was of a fine family and that she was well educated, and I wondered what had caused the nervousness and jumpiness which still seemed to have possession of her. And I wondered where she had found the liquor which she evidently had taken.

When we were not too far from home, she began to talk about herself. She seemed to have to talk to someone. The more she spoke, the more frantic her eyes became. The effect of the alcohol was now completely worn off, however, and her words were all coherent. The story she told me was a poignant one, and she told it with her eyes almost as much as with her lips.

During the war she had worked with the underground movement. Her father had been a scientist who refused to use his talent and knowledge for the state and was quickly disposed of. Maria—I learned that was her name—and her mother then escaped from their home and began working with the secret groups which were helping to smuggle downed Allied flyers back to England. Maria was the virtual leader of the group, for she was evidently a brilliant strategist as well as a beautiful woman.

Maria had been working with the group for some time when Paul Bradley's plane was shot down near her station. Several of the men from the post had pulled him from th wreckage, and Maria and her mother had nursed him bac to health. And during the time of his convalescence Paul an Maria fell deeply in love. They were together constantly, an Maria gave herself completely to Paul, who vowed that h would return as soon as the war ended. They would b married and go to the United States to live.

Maria was ecstatically happy when the war ended, an she knew that Paul was coming for her. It had been almo three years since she had first met Paul, but she had hear from him often; and she knew he would be back. Whe their baby had been born, she had named him for h father; and she could hardly wait for Paul to meet his so And Paul did come.

It had been Maria's thought that they would be marrie there in her home and then leave immediately for the State Paul, however, thought that it would be best for him t take the boy on to the United States and then send fo Maria. Maria hated to let the child go, but she agreed t the plan, even though she did not understand why Pau wanted it that way.

Days, weeks, months passed: but there was no word fro Paul. Finally a letter arrived from Paul's hometown. Wit the letter came heartbreak, despair, and hate. The lette was from a law firm and stated that its client, Dr. Pau Bradley, wished her to relinquish to him all custody right of their son. It seemed that Paul had been married for number of years and had taken little Paul back to his wif announcing to her that he was a war orphan whom he ha found in Germany. Enclosed with the letter were the pape which she was to sign and a check for one thousand dollar She signed the papers, mailed them, and cashed the chec

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And now Maria was in the United States entering Marshfield. I wondered what she would do now that she was here. The baby was no longer hers—legally—so why had she come? But Maria was soon lost in the crowd of the bus station, and my parents were waiting for me; so I was soon lost in the happiness of being home again for another Christmas.

The next morning I got up early so that I could eat with Daddy before he went to the office. He was reading the morning paper when I entered the dining room; and as I passed him, I noticed the headline: PROMINENT DOCTOR MURDERED, SON KIDNAPPED. Daddy supplied the details: the unknown assailant had shot Dr. Paul Bradley about one o'clock that morning, thirty minutes after our bus had arrived. There were no clues, no leads, no known enemies of Dr. Bradley. The murder weapon was not to be found. Mrs. Bradley was out of town; no one had been in the house; the neighbors had seen no one.

I sat down for my breakfast and wondered if Maria had been able to get on the express bus going back east at two o'clock. I hoped she had been able to, for the child would sleep better there than on the local which made more stops.

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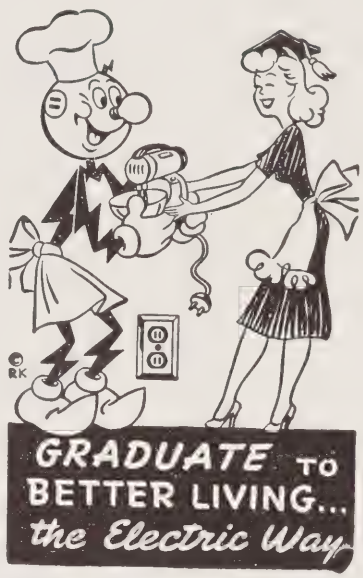

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DEATH'S MESSENGER

Betty Cross

A bird was loose in the house! I sat bolt upright in the bed. The same old feeling was there, the same panic, the cold sweat, the unexplainable fear. But this time my fear was no longer a dream. The brush of dusty wings on my face that brought the feeling of imprisonment in death's grave was all too real. The recurring dream was now a horrifying reality. A bird was loose in the house, and I could hear him as his wings battered against the walls. I had known that one day he would come and with him bring death. And now the bird was here.

Again I asked myself the question that had tormented my powers of reason as far back as I could remember. Why did a bird give me that terrifying sensation? Why did my body grow clammy and weak with fear? Why did a bird make me keenly aware of the mortality of man? I had been over this a thousand times. I knew only that I had always been afraid of birds.

Sleep was an impossibility, I knew. I got up and crossed the room to the window. I pulled back the curtain and looked out into the shadows of the night. As I stared into space, my thoughts were interrupted; the shadows had formed the pattern of a bird in flight. I wanted to scream, but my throat was paralyzed. The shadow held my eyes; I couldn't think. But a breeze changed the grotesque form. "Silly, go back to bed," I told myself. The mist of night was changing from black to gray, and dawn was showing in the east. I climbed back into bed and reached for a sleeping pill. "It's a good thing Fred is a doctor," I thought, "even if that is the only good thing about him."

I slept; the barriers to memory were swept away. I was a child again, a child listening to my grannie. Although she was sick a great deal and became easily excited, Grannie was my constant companion; and I loved her more than anyone or anything in my child life. I guess Grannie was something of a child too at times; so I could understand most of her answers to my ceaseless "why's" and "how's." But sometimes Grannie would change: her eyes would become blank and glazed; she would babble wildly of thoughts and experiences too strange for me to understand.

Everything was so clear about that day; I could even see the colors of the patchwork quilt upon which she was sewing. She was answering my question about the design in the quilt.

"Why don't you make a yellow bird?" I asked—yellow was my favorite color even then.

"The birds of our family have never been anything but black or red—black for death and red for violence," she answered.

"I don't understand. Don't you like birds?" The faraway, drawn expression on her face made me afraid. I knew that today must be one of her bad days. "I like to hear them sing, and Sue showed me some speckled blue eggs in the nest in the fig tree," I continued.

Tears squeezed out of the faded blue eyes and made their way beneath the tarnished spectacles. Mother rushed out on the porch; Grannie needed a great deal of care. And I was never supposed to say anything that would upset her. Grannie sometimes forgot things, even me; but she could tell the best stories, and I liked to hear her tal about when she was a little girl. "Margaret, don't let th child get near the birds. They've never sung for us excep at funerals. This is a warning. Don't let the birds com in the house; promise me. I'm afraid." How clearly I remem bered Grannie's faltering voice and the fear in her face.

A few months later Grannie was sick, and I was sittin by the fire, knowing that bedtime would be called, afrai to move and attract Mother's attention. Everybody ha come to see Grannie; Mother had told me that Granni would soon go to sleep and that all her children wanted t see her before she went away. Suddenly Aunt Addi screamed, "A bird, a bird, on Betsy's head. The bird ha returned!" Each person in the room gasped in surprise horror.

I stood motionless, with my heart beating loudly. I coul hear nothing but the bird's frantic thump-thump as it hi objects in the room. Finally my uncle reached up an grasped the bird. I didn't like the eyes, and I didn't unde stand.

Grannie died that night; and for the first time I hear the story of the birds. Nobody sent me to bed; so I listene to their hushed tones about the birds that always visite our family before a death.

Before Paul, my little cousin, had been drowned, Aun Addie had opened the door to the pantry and a bright re

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ird had flown out. She chased the bird out of the house vith a broom and stood on the back stoop to watch the red peck diminish as the bird flew directly toward the clump f oaks which hid the river. She felt that the boys were n danger and that she should go and see how they were. But she never reached the river; for she was met by one of he older boys carrying the limp form of Paul. The bird ad been the red messenger of violence, and Paul was dead. The bird and the river had claimed him.

My Mother broke in and began to tell the tale that she ad heard Grannie herself tell. Grannie had been nursing Granddad for many days. He seemed to have taken a turn or the better; my mother had been left to watch so that Grannie could walk in the night air and ease her cramped egs. She had passed by the chicken coop and had noticed vhat appeared to be a black goose whose neck had been aught in the wire of the fence. Having reached down o free the struggling form, Grannie had remembered that he had no geese, certainly no black geese. Then she had een that the fowl was no goose at all but a dark bird with long neck. Then the strange form had risen and flown oward the family graveyard where it had disappeared in the ight. Grannie had returned to the house; Granddad was ead; the struggle between life and death was over.

On and on they talked. I wanted to run; their tales filled ne with panic. But I could only stare wide-eyed and listen n fascination. All night they talked—birds, birds, birds. Louder and louder their voices grew. I could feel my pulse uicken; my breath came in gasps. How I hated and feared irds!

"Miz Dew, wake up. It's time for lunch." I opened my yes to see that my maid was shaking me. I got up and vent to the window. The day was dark, and a light mist vas falling. The strain of the night before had made me veak, and my head was throbbing with a dull but steady che. I wondered, the bird—where did he go? He had finally ome. I knew he was here at last.

"I think I'll take my lunch in here. And call Fred's office, lease; tell him to stop by here some time in the next hour. seem to have another headache. Oh, yes, before you go, pen my wardrobe and see if anything is in there. I heard omething last night."

"I don't see anything here except a black feather," my naid answered. "Wonder how that got here."

I sank back in bed and thought about the preceding ight. So a bird meant a death. A death, I thought. Of ourse, Fred was going to die; he did look overworked, and e had been drinking excessively. Maybe he'd have a wreck, vould drive off a bridge; maybe he had a cancer. I'd soon e free of the man I abhorred. I was glad the bird had ome. Why, suddenly I was no longer afraid of birds.

Fred walked in and disturbed my thoughts. I looked at im curiously. Poor thing, I thought, you don't have much nger. Maybe you'll die this afternoon or tonight. I could vait; it wouldn't be long now; I could wait. I felt strangely alm. I had hated him so long that I had no room for any ther emotion. Now I felt empty, but my wild exultant oy filled the void to overflowing.

He gave me a pill but didn't leave any extras. He said, I'll be back soon to see how you are. You'll rest when this ill takes effect."

I thought, maybe you'll be back, but maybe the bird will laim you. I tried to fight the swirling mist which rose from the floor, but the strange ethereal light engulfed me. The cloud giving off the peculiar light had luminous quality, and I could see dark shadows move back and forth in the fog. Only my ability to move was dulled; I felt a piercing, burning sensation in my eyes and searing flame of pain in my spine. And everywhere were birds. Didn't anyone see them flap and swoop through the room? I couldn't bear the presence of birds. "Get them out. Open the windows!" But no one heard me, and I saw the glittering eyes of the birds. I was filled with horror. I'll go out of my mind if the birds don't leave. Why doesn't someone hear my cries. "Get them out!" I screamed. "The birds want Fred, not me!"

Then through the mist I heard Fred say, "You've been ill, Betsy; but I've brought you a present. See, it's a bird, a canary to keep you company while I'm at the office. You talked of birds while you were sick. You thought you had lost one somewhere in the house; so I have found it for you. You won't have to look any longer. Here it is right by your bed within reaching distance." I felt him lift my head and place a pill between my lips.

"A canary?" I said. "Yellow is my favorite color." But suddenly I remembered a bird had been in the house that night, a bird to warn of death. I understood why Fred had bought the canary.

Through The Back Screen Door

DAVY-JO STRIBLING

Mis' Thul-ma! Here's yo' mail. I seed de mailman. Yeh, I seed 'im. My meter cawd's in dere 'case I seed de backin' on hit. Yo' letters got de purrtest backin' I eber seed.

No'm, I ain't wurkin' terday.

Mist' Dave wanted me ter wurk? Wal, I'd a-come ef I'd a-knowed he wanted me. 'Cos, I'ze aimin' ter haul some wood ef'n de mules is up.

Yas'm, I went ter Jim's funel. Das de bigges' buryin' I eber seed. Dey's niggers frum ever' whar thar!

Yas'm, I sot up fur fo' nites wid de body.

No'm, I warn't by m'self. Gawd, de hous' wuz so ful of niggers dere warn't no whar ter sot down. Jim shor' did look good all dressed up lyin' in dat dere cas'et. Lawd, dat preacher done preached de bigges' sermon I eber heerd. Dey tuk up a pile o' money at de end, too!

Yas'm, dey buried 'im at dat grabe-yard whar I went ter preachin' las' summer.

No'm, I ain't been back ter meetin' since den. Gawd, dat's de fustes' preacher I eber seed dat din't war no coat in de pulpit! Me'n Bratt nearly laff out in church he luk so funny. My ma allus tole me dat preachers s'pose to war dey coats behin' de pulpit. Dat man warn't no preacher 'case he din't have good clothes on. Fust time I eber seed a preacher behin' de pulpit widout no coat on!

No'm, I ain't seed Brat in two weeks. She don' look good, Mis' Thul-ma. She got a long neck since she marr'ed Tom. I tole her he put 'er under de ground jes' lak his tother two wives. Yeh, he wurk 'er to deaf feedin' dem lazy gurls o' his'n. Dey is no-count gurls. 'Lizabeth done tole me ter stay 'way frum dat hous'. She said dey's too many nigger men seein' dem gurls.

(Continued on page 31)

Job's Wife

Fran Macpherson

"Oh, don't let her worry you, Madge. She's just a little upset over having to leave her work and the life she's been used to in Belhaven. Give her a few days to get settled, and her tongue won't be so sharp." Jack leaned down from the kitchen stool, crooking his lanky frame to spear a piece of bacon from a plate in the warming closet of the electric stove. He straightened up, glancing at his wife. "The homeplace is just what she needs—Jenny always has liked activity."

Madge, seated opposite him at the small, linoleum-covered table, jabbed at the last segments of her grapefruit and inwardly replied that it was easy for someone who spent all day in the field to tell her not to let the addition of a semi-invalid to her household fluster her. She brushed a drop of grapefruit juice from her blue gingham dress and began to butter her toast. Jack sometimes just didn't understand.

When she failed to answer him, Jack waved the coffee pot gently before her face, looking at her more intently. "Hey, Mrs. Wetmore, happy Tuesday!" She smiled and lifted her cup. He wasn't altogether to blame for his sister's coming to live with them.

"And the same to you, my dear. Let's hope Kathie grows up to have your pre-breakfast cheerfulness—and that she gets to the kitchen this morning in time to eat breakfast without bolting it while the driver of the school bus blows that raucous horn. Are you going to bale in the field next to Herbert and Sue's today?"

"Yep, we'll get started just as soon as the dew dries, probably have in fifty bales before that brother of mine turns over the first time." He stood up and pulled back the green-checked curtains at the kitchen window. "The tenants haven't come in yet, and I told them to be here early." Glancing at the clock on the stove, he added, "It's almost seven-thirty. Guess I'll go tap the bell for them."

Behind him Madge inquired, "Do you see any sign of Carrie, Jack? Between getting ready for the club tomorrow and waiting on Miss Jenny, I need to put her to work the minute she shows up."

"Nope. No Carrie, either." Pushing the aluminum stool under the table, he dropped a kiss on his wife's red hair; and for a moment the twinkle in his blue eyes gave way to seriousness. "Madge, try to humor Jenny along. It means a lot to her to be back at the homeplace, and she really isn't trying to be disagreeable."

Madge could hardly refrain from commenting that for one who wasn't trying Miss Jenny was being remarkably successful; but Jack seemed so naive about the whole situation that she hated to disillusion him. "Sure, Jack, we'll get along fine. Hope you get a hundred bales to the acre!" She closed the back-porch door after him.

Taking the mayonnaise and a bowl of chicken salad from the refrigerator beside the porch door, Madge sat down at the table to prepare Kathie's school lunch, using part of the loaf she and Jack had opened for toast. She and Miss Jenny would get along fine, all right—fine until that finicky lady woke up and wanted to know where everyone was, what they were doing, and why they were doing it. In the meantime, though, she would enjoy the peace of early mornin The farm bell's clangor, softened by the closed kitchen doo was familiar music, pleasant even in its dissonance. Sh was going to the cupboard beside the window to get th sandwich bags when the sound of another bell caught he ear. It was too high-pitched to be the farm bell and to insistent for easygoing Jack. Waving good-bye to her peac ful morning, Madge tossed the sandwich bags on the tabl and hurried from the kitchen, through the dining roon and up the stairs.

Her knock at the door at the head of the stairs wa answered by an impatient "Well, don't just stand there Come in; come in."

With as cheerful a "Good-morning, Miss Jenny" as sh could muster, Madge entered the bedroom. The sister-in law, wearing a cotton night gown and a knitted shawl o vari-colored stripes that quarreled loudly among themselve was standing beside her bed with her bell in her hand Without her glasses, in a comparatively unfamiliar roon the old lady seemed confused. Madge noticed the shade drawn "for privacy" and was at once amused and touche with sympathy for Jenny, who had thus kept herself i semi-darkness. A high-pitched voice demanded querulously "What's all this racket about? Sounds like there's a fire frightened me something dreadful. Anything the matte with Jack? Is Kathie all right?"

Remembering her husband's admonition, Madge ex plained that Jack had called in the hands early because h wanted to bale the hay before it rained and that Kathi was dressing for school. She further suggested that if Mis Jenny would raise the shade on the west side of her room she could see the offending bell and, after the Negroes ha come, watch the new baler at work.

Miss Jenny, losing interest in the bell, found her wa to the giant rocker at the foot of the bed. She settled hersel ponderously and took up the subject of her favorite brother "Jack's a fine, steady fellow, Madge. You ought to be ver thankful that you got him. Of course, he does have hi faults—rushing me here from Belhaven in a screamin

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mbulance from a funeral home." She rocked quickly at he thought. "It wouldn't be so bad if there were any reason or it, but I'm not that sick, and I'm certainly not too old o work."

In three days Madge had learned not to try to argue with er sister-in-law, who insisted that a gall-bladder attack was othing serious. She felt rather sorry for the old lady, but vhy couldn't Miss Jenny have made more provision for ld age? She must have known that a stenographer's pension vas never Morganic.

"I'll bring you your breakfast in just a few minutes, Miss enny. Carrie hasn't come yet, and I have to get Kathie off o school."

Miss Jenny's black eyes were bright with conviction. The servants these days just aren't what they used to be. Vhy, when Jack was growing up, he had a Negro woman vho looked after him every minute of the day. Back then ou could depend on them." She added with the air of ne who makes a great concession, "But just so I get my offee by eight o'clock it will be all right." Miss Jenny's vhite hair waved a fraction of an inch to emphasize her miable nod.

Madge stole a glance at the dresser clock and hoped that er magnanimous sister-in-law wouldn't find her glasses vithin the next twenty minutes—it was then seven-fifty-ve, and the school bus came at eight. She excused herself nd hurried back to the kitchen, where Kathie, dressed in pink cotton dress and elevated by reading and arithmetic ooks to the height of the table, was gulping a glass of ilk. Madge kissed her cheek.

"Did you find the crayons I left with your books last ight, dear?"

Kathie nodded, and her auburn curls bounced. "Yes, a'am. And, Mommie, would you put them in the lunch ox?"

Madge laughed. "It's much easier to run with books and unch box than it is to carry books and lunch box and rayons, isn't it?"

Kathie ate a spoonful of puffed wheat, at the same time odding her head. She swung her legs as if to emphasize er agreement.

Seeing the red socks her daughter was wearing, Madge xclaimed, "Kathie, why on earth are you wearing red ocks with that pink dress?"

"'Cause all my pink socks had holes in them, Mommie."

"Oh, dear. Well, I'll darn them as soon as I can." She ipped the chicken-salad sandwiches into the waxed bags nd filled a thermos bottle with milk. "But between run-ing up and down stairs and getting ready for the club eeting there won't be a free minute any time soon." Madge had opened the refrigerator door to get an apple hen she heard Carrie's excited voice.

"Yonder comes de bus, Kathie. It's up to de crossroads. Vait, chile. Doan forget yo' lunch." Madge grabbed the unch box from the cupboard shelf and threw in crayons, ndwiches, and apple, then fastened the thermos inside ne lid. She caught up with Kathie at the foot of the aircase, handed her the lunch, opened the front door for er, and watched until she saw her safely on the bus.

Back in the kitchen, Madge let out a breathy "Whew! hope we remembered everything. Books, lunch . . . oh, Carrie, I let her get off without a coat. There's too much to think about in the mornings now. Well, I guess we'd better get Miss Jenny's breakfast up to her before she starts ringing that plagued bell again." The old Negress chuckled and began to stack the breakfast dishes, holding them against her white apron as she carried them to the sink.

"How do she feel dis mawnin'?"

"Well enough to want her coffee and want it right away, but I'll get her breakfast, Carrie. I want you to hurry through with those dishes and start on the tea cakes for the club tomorrow. You can get me the brown tray from the cupboard. And, Carrie, you'll have to skim the pan of milk on the bottom shelf in the refrigerator and make Mr. Herbert's butter. One pound will be enough. We can send it by Mr. Jack when he goes back after lunch."

"Yas 'um," and Carrie handed the tray to Madge, getting for herself a box of soap powder and a copper scouring pad. "Looks like it would be 'most as easy fo' Miss Sue to buy theirn up to the crossroads store, but then Mister Jack say if his brother want home-growed butter, he is got to have home-growed butter."

Madge, busy cutting grapefruit and pouring coffee, did not answer. She carried the tray upstairs and, balancing it on her right hand, paused to knock and hear the familiar "Come in, come in." She put on a bright smile. "I hope you have a big appetite, Miss Jenny."

Miss Jenny, who had put on a green linen dress, put her copy of *Guidance in the Way* on the table beside her rocker before answering. "I'll have to be much nearer the grave than I am now to stop enjoying my food." The housewife wondered whether such an appetite were going to be an unmixed blessing, but she laughed and carried the

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tray over to her sister-in-law. She was about to put it down on Miss Jenny's broad lap when suddenly that lady pushed it away. "My sakes, Madge! You're not going to put the tray down without something under it. Hand me a newspaper."

Of all the finicky notions, that's the most ridiculous one I ever heard. Madge's resentment rose, in spite of her efforts against it, as she stooped to pick up a *Belhaven Journal* from the stack beside the rocker. If she doesn't like the way I wash my trays, why doesn't she go somewhere else? Madge turned to leave before her ill humor could manifest itself. "I'll bring your lunch up here."

Miss Jenny called, "Wait a minute," and Madge's back stiffened as she turned around. "If there're any little jobs you want me to do, let me know. I can still sew a good hem and patch underwear and darn socks."

Madge thought of the pink anklets but balked at the thought of being obligated to her sister-in-law. "Thank you, Miss Jenny. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a lot to do to get ready for the club tomorrow." She closed the door and walked slowly downstairs. She would ask Jack to take his sister down to Herbert's to spare her from the confusion of the meeting. Let her spend the night down there; Jack ought not to be hard to persuade. Then a little more persuasion and he'd consent to moving Miss Jenny down there permanently. After all, Herbert and Sue had no child to take care of, and they were nearer Miss Jenny's age. There was no real reason for Miss Jenny to have to stay at the homeplace.

Carrie was putting away the soap powder and scouring pad when Madge entered the kitchen. "I'm glad you're getting through the dishes early. The butter shouldn't take long, and then you can start on the cookies—four dozen ought to be enough. Oh, yes. For dinner you can warm over the rolls you made yesterday, and there's a ham in the pantry. That'll leave just potatoes and spinach to be cooked. And, Carrie, Miss Jenny likes buttermilk instead of sweet milk. I guess that's everything. I'm going out to get some chrysanthemums for the house."

The maid spoke hesitantly. "Miss Madge, I reckon I can't be here tomorrer."

Oh, no. Anything but that, Madge thought. "Why, what's happened, Carrie?"

"Mr. Wesley tole me dis mawnin' dat de preacher said he was goin' to have dinner wid me tomorrer, and of cose I is got to be there."

Madge answered shortly, "Of course you have. We'll get along all right." Taking the scissors from their nail inside the cupboard, she left the kitchen.

Carrie looked after her for a minute, then went to the pantry to get the ham and a bowl of Irish potatoes. Humming "Go Down, Moses," she sat on a stool beside the table and peeled a half-dozen potatoes. While they boiled on the stove, she opened a can of spinach, heated and seasoned the greens, and put them in the warming closet to await dinner. She had finished slicing the ham and had begun to set the table when Madge returned with the chrysanthemums, giant bronze ones for the club meeting and golden baby 'mums for the dinner table. Arranging the bronze flowers in two of her large silver vases and the 'mums in a low, brown vase, the housewife took the big chrysanthemums to the living room and set the low arrangement on the dining table. Carrie was putting the last hot-

plate mat on the table; then she turned to the kitche
Madge heard the first step of the butter-making, that
shaking the whole milk, as she took her Haviland lunche
plates and demi-tasses from the china closet and stack
them on the sideboard. She was adding the sandwich plat
to the array when she recognized Jack's step on the ba
porch; it was still half an hour before dinner time.

Pinching off a tiny chysanthemum from the arrangeme
on the dining table, she hurried to meet him. "I'll t
Carrie to put the dinner on; it will be ready in just
minute."

He lifted his face from the wash basin in the tin si
and spoke through a foam of suds. "There's no need to ru
her, hon. I'm in no hurry."

"How is the lespedeza coming?"

"We're making about sixty bales to the acre. That is, v
were until the belt broke. I sent Wesley over to Belhaven
get another. He can't possibly make it back before one-thir
That's why I came in early." He dried his face and smil
at her, skin and eyes shining.

Madge stuck the chrysanthemum in the buttonhole
his corduroy jacket. "You must have all the patience in th
family, dear. I'd be fairly pawing the ground. . . . Lau
if you want to, Mr. Wetmore; but I'm capable of it. Y
should have seen me this morning. The poor chrysanthemu
bushes will never be the same."

He looked puzzled. "What's all this about?"

Madge stood on tip-toe to whisper, "Our sweet Carr
won't be here tomorrow."

"I'm sorry, dear. That will make it pretty hard on you

Now's the chance, she thought. I'll tell him it wou
make the meeting easier on me if he would send Miss Jenn
down to Herbert's. A bell ringing from upstairs thwart
her. "Guess who," she said none too pleasantly—and w
aware of Jack's eyes on her as she left him to see what h
sister-in-law wanted.

Madge hurried upstairs (she must not seem to be carele
of Miss Jenny). That lady came straight to the poi
"Madge, there's no reason to trouble you and Carrie wi
preparing a tray. I'll come down for dinner."

Surprised, Madge remonstrated, "But, Miss Jenny, th
doctor said you weren't to come downstairs for two week

"Nonsense. I feel as lively at a cat at a fish fry. I'll tal
my time coming down the steps and be better off for th
exercise."

Madge wished she could consult Jack, but Miss Jenn
probably wouldn't listen to him either. She agreed as grac
fully as she could, hoping that she would soon not ha
to worry with such situations. "I think dinner will be rea
in a few minutes."

"Would you help me down the stairs?" Again there w
nothing to do but consent. Jack was waiting for them
the foot of the stairs. Madge could have sworn that the
was a sly twinkle in his eyes as he watched them come dow

Carrie called out "Dinnuh's ready," and they walked in
the dining room. Miss Jenny remarked cheerily, "I don
know that I've seen a prettier table anywhere."

Madge murmured, "Thank you, Miss Jenny," and th
seated themselves, Jack helping his sister with her cha
The amen of the blessing almost elided with his offhan
"Madge, I'm sorry you won't have Carrie to help you t
morrow. Will you have ham and potatoes, Jenny?"

Jenny was momentarily more interested in the maid prob-em than in the dinner. Madge thought it was ironic that she vould choose that time to forget her healthy appetite. Why iad Jack brought up the subject, anyway?

"What's this about Carrie's not coming to help with the neeting, Madge? Potatoes, but no ham, please, Jack."

"She has to entertain the preacher, Miss Jenny."

"Well, I'll come down before the meeting and help you vith the sandwiches or whatever you're going to have. Tou needn't worry about the dishes; I'll look after them." ack smiled approvingly. Madge wondered why they ouldn't let her manage her own house.

"I wouldn't think of having you do it, Miss Jenny. With andwich plates, cups and saucers, silver, and luncheon lates, there's too much work involved." She sensed that ack was watching her, and felt uncomfortable.

He interrupted. "Aw, washing up after a ladies' tea party sn't work. Sure, Jenny, that'll be fine." He smiled at Madge, ut she concentrated on her spinach, saying nothing. She ould hardly wait to pack the meddlesome old lady off to Herbert's.

Jack began telling a tale with which one of the Negroes ad regaled the baling crew that morning, and the meal assed off without more tension. As they got up from the ible, Miss Jenny remarked, "I certainly enjoyed my dinner, Madge. It took me back to Mother's cooking, except for the pinach. Remember Mother's spinach, Jack? I always did ay no one could touch her spinach for flavor." What a ypical speech, thought Madge as she helped her sister-in-aw up the stairs.

Jack was waiting for her at the foot of the staircase. The ioment Jenny's door closed he called softly, "Madge, do ou have time to talk a minute?"

She replied guardedly, "Certainly, Jack." Now was her hance. Maybe Jenny had liked Carrie's cooking, but maybe he could find elsewhere spinach like that her mother had ooked. It was perfectly reasonable to claim that the club neeting would be too hard on Jenny. "And I have some-iing to tell you, too." She had never noticed before what long flight the steps were. Jack was watching her, and ie smiled at him when she reached the landing.

"I hope you won't have a serious delay because of the reak-down this morning."

Jack replied casually, "Oh, no, no, nothing serious. Wes-y won't have any trouble finding a new one, and we'll ave it on within twenty minutes after he gets back." He ooked at her more intently. "Didn't you say you wanted to ell me something?"

She hesitated, then sharply rebuked herself. "Jack, don't ou think this club meeting is going to be hard on Miss enny? You know how women chatter, and how tiring ich confusion can be."

He smiled and caught her hands. "Madge, I've noticed ow careful you are about Jenny; I can't tell you how much appreciate it, even though it's not for me that you're oing it. I know it's not easy, but I'm glad my wife is big-earted enough to make a few adjustments when it means o much toward someone else's happiness, glad she doesn't ind sharing her work with someone who needs work to e happy. I'm glad she can be patient with little peculiari-es. It's going to be just what Jenny needs."

Madge stood silent before him, staring at the chrysanthemum in his buttonhole. He waited, and after a long minute tilted her chin up. She knew there had been a question in his eyes, a question but lately replaced by the customary twinkle. "Say, I think I interrupted you somewhere back there. What was it you wanted to tell me, hon?"

Madge shook her head and smiled at him. "It was nothing, Jack. Just that you're supposed to take Herbert's butter to him today, and if you happen to go up to the crossroads store . . . please get me a spool of pink thread. Miss Jenny is going to darn some socks for Kathie."

ANIMISM

Fran Macpherson

The man cuts a path through the icy grass
Earth crackles with footsteps—he thinks them his own.
His suave and modern self shrugs, "It will pass."
But the old one is standing, chillstaunch every bone
And shadows mock with homage.

STUDENT AWARDS RECEIVED

(Continued from page 8)

The $10 cash prize offered each year by the Queens chapter of Chi Omega sorority to the student who attains the highest grade in sociology was awarded to Carolyn Gallant, Charlotte. And Anne Clarke, Elizabethtown, received the cup for the "best all round" athlete. Cups were presented to Lynn Heagney, Havana, Cuba; Emilia Hutchinson, Elizabethtown; Lib Lucas, Burgaw; and Dottie Saunders, Southern Pines, for attaining one thousand points in athletics.

Certificates were presented to Carmen Carter, Charlotte; Catherine Edgerton, Concord; Kathryn Hickman, Malden, W. Va.; Fran Macpherson, Fayetteville; Sara McNair, Charlotte; Laura Sue Mitchell, Florence, S. C., and Joyce Tucker, Concord, for representing Queens in *Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges.*

THROUGH THE BACK SCREEN DOOR

(Continued from page 27)

No'm, Jane's husbun' ain't come back. He's a no-count nigger, anyways. 'Lizabeth tole Jane to leave him along 'case he wuz ah no-count yaller nigger.

Yas'm, she bin marr'd fo' times. Gawd, tha's rite. She done had fo' husbuns.

Lawd, dere's yo' gurl. She's jes' about growed. She shor' ain't fat, tho'. Studin' dem high books is how come she ain't thick like she uster be. Gawd, she'll know eberthin' when she git thru wid dem high books!

Yas'm, I'll come in in de mawnin'. I gotta go ter de sto' ter git me some 'baccy 'fore I haul de wood. 'Cos, I'd a-come to wurk dis mawnin' ef I'd a-knowed he'd a-wanted me.

CREAM
OF
MUSHROOM